

per. **SCREENLAND** ★ ICC

September

15¢



Carole Landis

**MATURE MEN
BETTER LOVERS?
HOLLYWOOD'S ANSWER**

"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"—Exclusive Fictionization

NOV -5 1943

AMERICA'S SMART FLYING WOMEN choose favorite Cutex shades



GAY GAHAGAN, active member of the famous 99'ers (over 400 air hours), selects Cutex **ON DUTY**. "It's the softest, loveliest shade I've ever worn. With extravagance out for the duration, no wonder it's so popular."



HAZEL STAMPER, working at Piper Cub plant and training for her pilot's license, chooses Cutex **ALERT**—says, "I like Alert because it is so flattering and so in the spirit of the times. It makes my spirits zoom!"



ELAINE WOOD SEMPLINER, Queen of the 1941 National Intercollegiate Air Show, chooses Cutex **OFF DUTY**. "It's such a daring color—a real 'lift' in these serious times. Yet only 10¢ for such a wonderful polish."

RUTH GRAY trains Pan American World Airways' Trans-Atlantic pilots to fly blind. She says, "Wearing Cutex **YOUNG RED** is like going into a glamour spin. It keeps me looking feminine even in a man-size job."

TEDDY KENYON, winner of national flying laurels, now flying for Grumman Aircraft, chooses Cutex **LAUREL**. Says, "It makes your hands look so softly feminine . . . and saves money for all-important War Stamps!"

ELINOR "IRISH" FAIRCHILD, enthusiastic young member of Women Flyers of America, says, "I choose Cutex **SADDLE BROWN**. It's a wonderful shade! So sophisticated—and marvelous with flying togs or date dresses."



only 10¢
(plus tax)

More Women

choose

Cutex

than any other nail polish in the world

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



SCREENLAND

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September, 1943

Vol. XLVII, No. 5

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Our Cover Portrait of Miss Carole Landis as a farm worker is in tribute to all Women War Workers—those patriotic American women who are serving their country not only in the U. S. Crop Corps and Women's Land Army, but in other necessary civilian jobs.

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager

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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



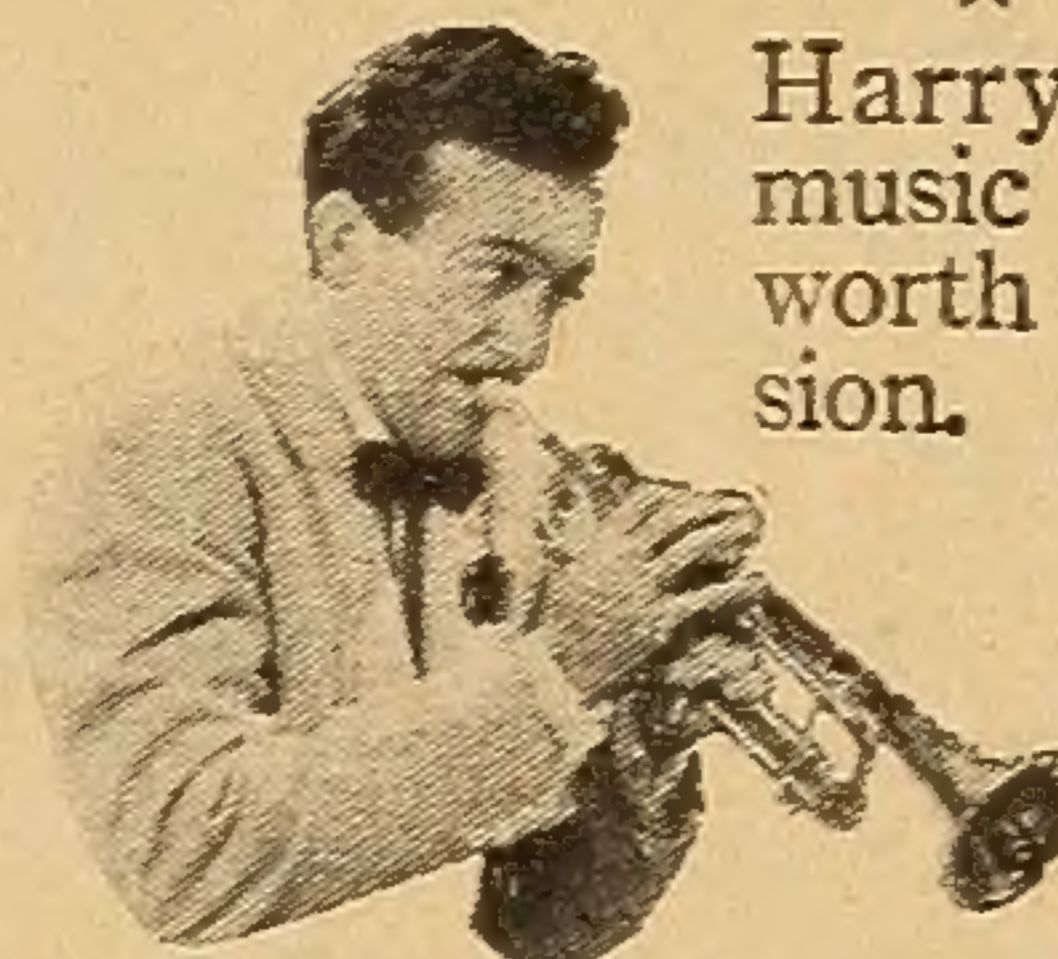
The greatest
star of the
screen!

There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain Latakia.

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.



Lucille Ball, a red-headed steam roller, plays the star who crashes the school prom and sets the campus on its ear.

William Gaxton does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our leonine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan.

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finklehoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that light up the horizon.

You'll like "You're Lucky," "Alive And Kicking," "Buckle Down Winsome," "The Three B's," "Wish I May," "I Know You By Heart," "Three Men On A Date," "What Do You Think I Am," and "Everytime."

Technicolor.

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.



If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young it makes you a baby. We're teething.

—Lea



**DON'T "DIMOUT"
THE HIGHLIGHTS
IN YOUR HAIR**



"Keep your hair shining, sparkling—the way HE loves to see it. How? By using Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo! Why don't you try it tonight?"



"Now! Has your hair ever looked lovelier? Look at all those glowing highlights—and the new, richer tone in your hair. Colorinse has rinsed away the dull, drab soap film—made your hair softer, silkier, too. Colorinse isn't a permanent dye or a bleach. And—it won't rub off! It's there to stay—till your next shampoo."



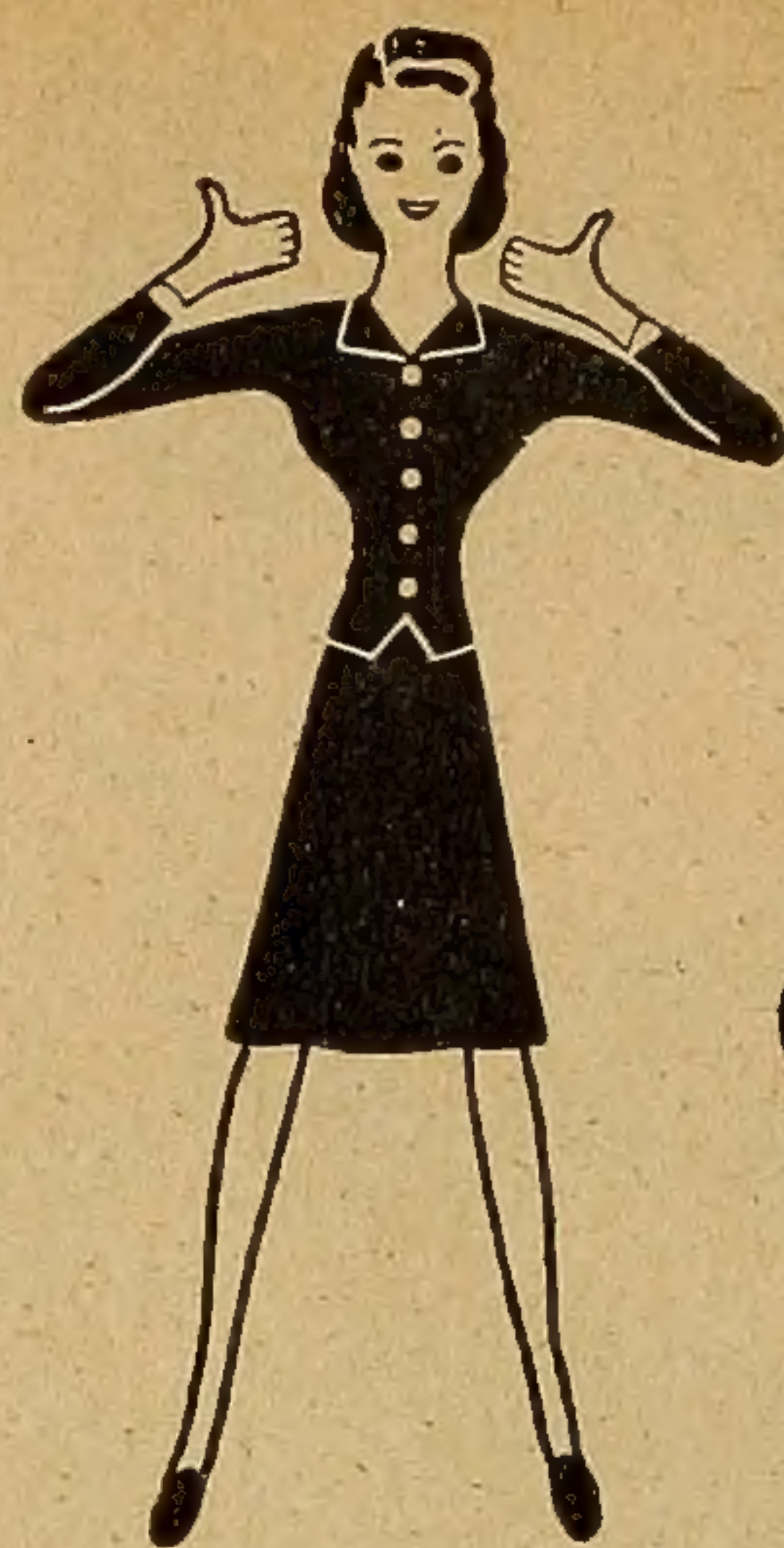
"Here's a glamour tip you'll want to know. For lovelier hair, use Nestle Shampoo, BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing."

P.S. ASK YOUR BEAUTICIAN FOR A BEAUTIFUL NESTLE OPALESCENT PERMANENT WAVE

**Nestle
COLORINSE**



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores
and drug stores



Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY

Delight Evans

THE CONSTANT NYMPH—Warners



This new film version of Margaret Kennedy's popular romantic novel sensitively records the story of a young girl's love for a musician—an older man, who regarding her as a child, fails to realize her true feelings for him until it is too late. The tangled love story opens in a Swiss chalet and continues in London where it reaches its tragic climax. Charles Boyer and Joan Fontaine are at their best as *Lewis Dodd*, the musician, and *Tessa*, the girl. Alexis Smith, Brenda Marshall, Jean Muir, Peter Lorre, Charles Coburn and Dame May Whitty head the capable supporting cast. Don't miss this well acted, beautifully directed picture.

BATAAN—M-G-M



Stirring war drama, dedicated to the heroes of Bataan, tells the story of a patrol of 13 oddly assorted Americans who fought against great odds to slow up the Japs until, one by one, they were wiped out. Robert Taylor gets away from his pretty boy rôles and is fine as the tough sergeant who takes over when the *Captain* (Lee Bowman) is killed. Newcomer Robert Walker stands out as the young sailor who joins the patrol. George Murphy, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, all good. It's a great film. A grim tale with no love story, but it will appeal to young and old.

THUMBS UP—Republic



This musical revolves around an American girl (Brenda Joyce), a singer in a London night club, who takes a job in a plane plant for selfish reasons. Brenda aspires to be a stage star and hopes she'll be "discovered" by a producer who is combing defense plants for talent. An accident, her love for an RAF official (Richard Fraser), cold shoulders from co-workers, make her realize that loyalty and duty toward the war effort are bigger than personal gains. Songs by Brenda, Elsa Lanchester's comedy, Fraser's good performance help put over the unconvincing story.

MR. BIG—Universal



Jive-minded rug-cutting kids will get a lot of fun out of Donald O'Connor's song-dance-comedy routines. Don, who has a sparkling, infectious personality, is given every opportunity in this and the boy proves he has everything it takes to put over a lively show. With Gloria Jean's singing and Peggy Ryan as his partner in those jitterbug calisthenics which pass for dancing, the trio overcome the handicap of a poor story about some dramatic students who rebel at putting on a classic and cook up a swing show. If you're not hep to the jive stuff, this may bore you.

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Warners



A thriller if there ever was one! If you like action you'll get plenty of it in this exciting film which pays tribute to the Merchant Marine service and Navy gun crews—those heroic men who risk their lives to deliver war supplies to our foreign bases and allies in far-off corners of the globe. The story is about the adventures of a ship forced to break away from a convoy and shows its exciting encounters with a trailing submarine. Raymond Massey, as the skipper, Humphrey Bogart, as first mate, give fine performances. Julie Bishop, Alan Hale lend capable support.

MELISSE GOES TO PARAMOUNT SHOWS



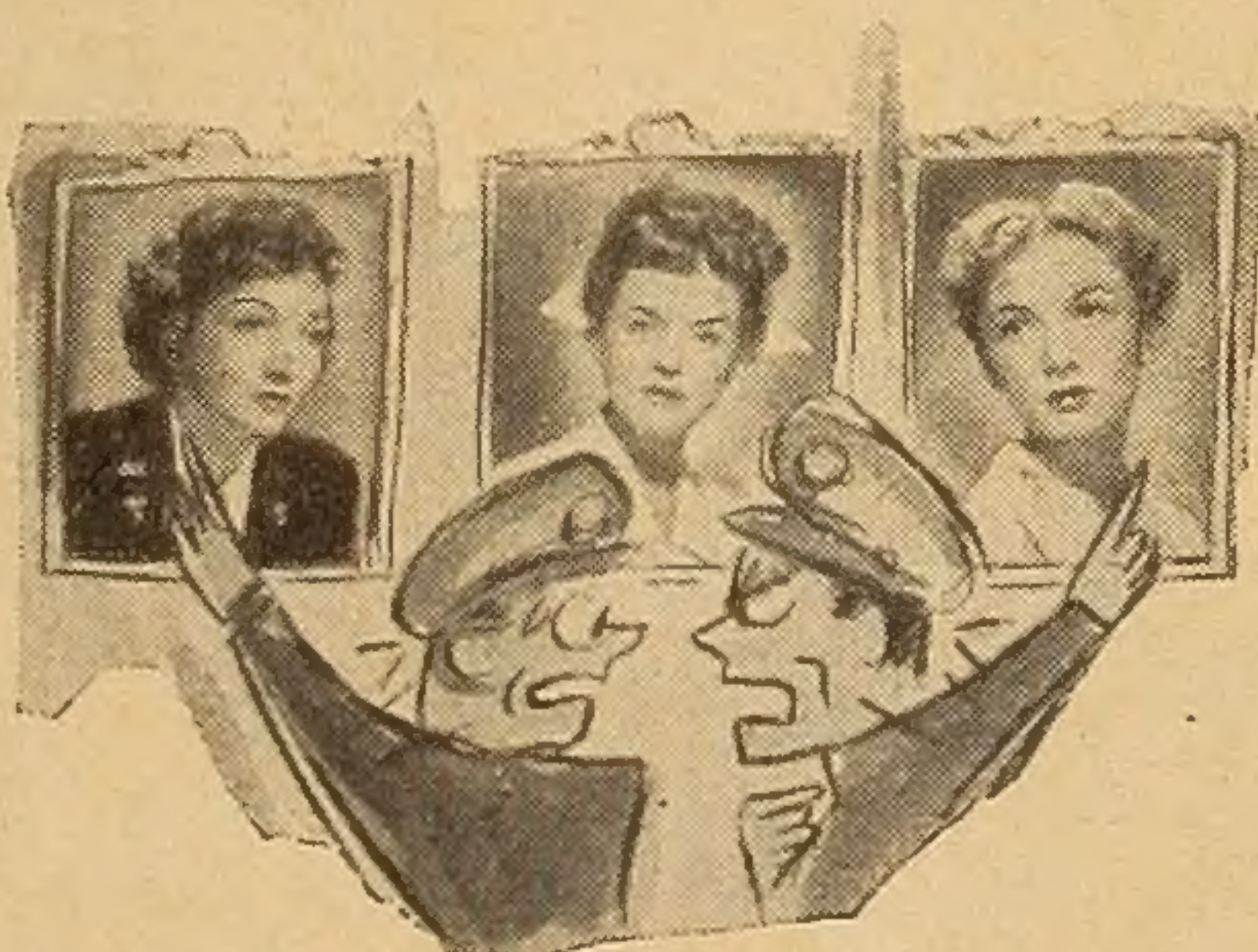
WHEE-E-E-E! here they come! I've just seen these 3 adorable girls in an advance screening of "So Proudly We Hail," and I think it's the greatest "woman's picture" ever! It's the first dramatic love story of **OUR WOMEN AT WAR** . . . makes you feel like joining the Waves, Waacs, Red Cross—anything to help destroy the enemy—Quick!



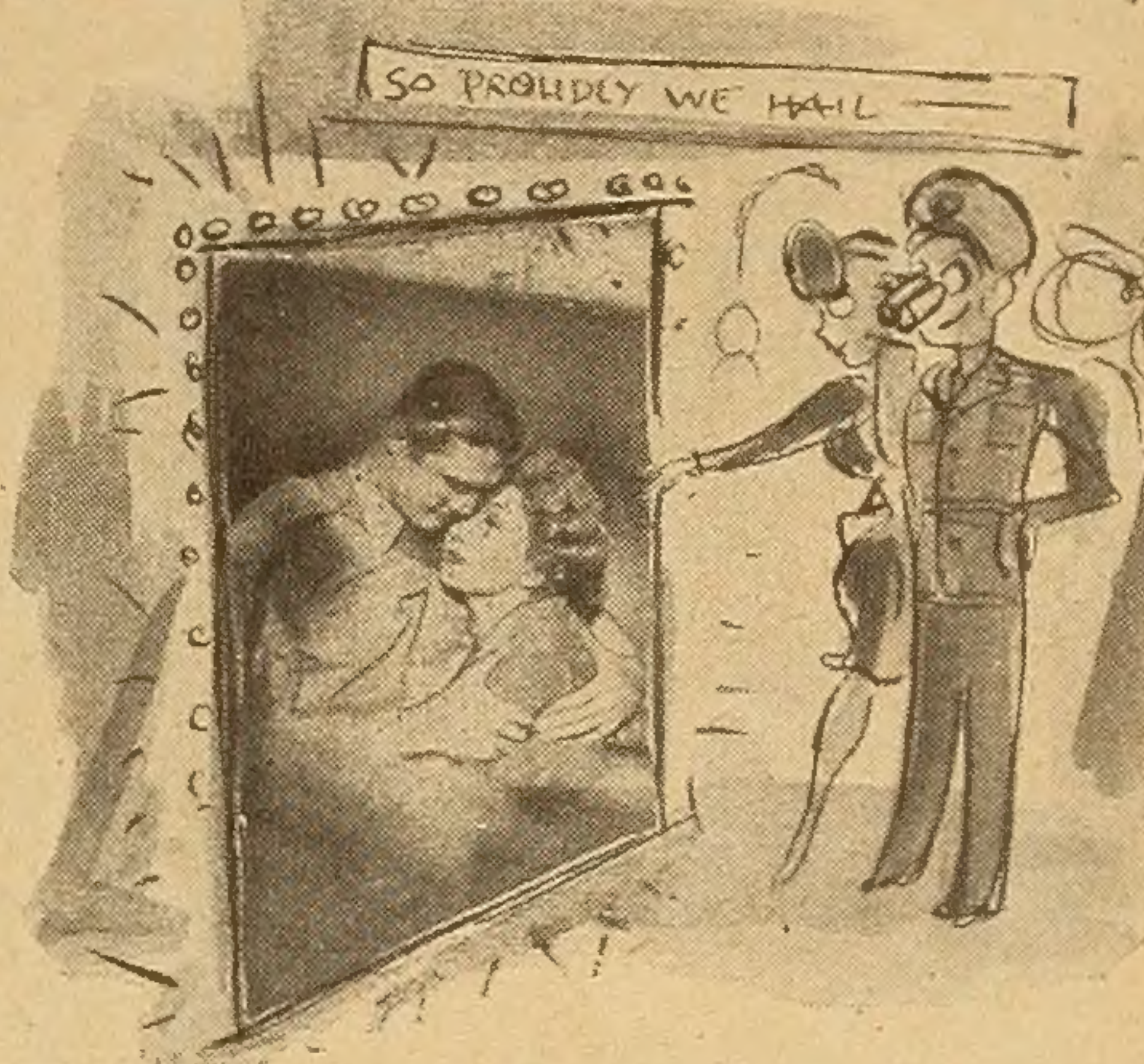
It's all about a bunch of lovely girls who are right in the thrilling thick of things at the front, and believe me you've never seen **SUCH EXCITEMENT** as these girls get into—fighting through rough 'n tough sequences black and blue.

Seeing 3 **STARS** as famous as Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake in 3 great romances in one picture certainly puts a lot of ideas in your head . . . (Stop fighting, boys—you can have the three of them—that is, for your walls!)

They have to snatch love on the run and there are parts and partings that will just about break your heart . . . so don't forget to bring your hankies, especially when Paulette—Boo Hoo! gulp.



That's what I call a **TERRIFIC ROMANCE!** I mean between Claudette and George Reeves. She borrows a skirt from "Ma" McGregor to get married in—thought dungarees might be confusing. And they spend their wedding night in a fox-hole, of all things!

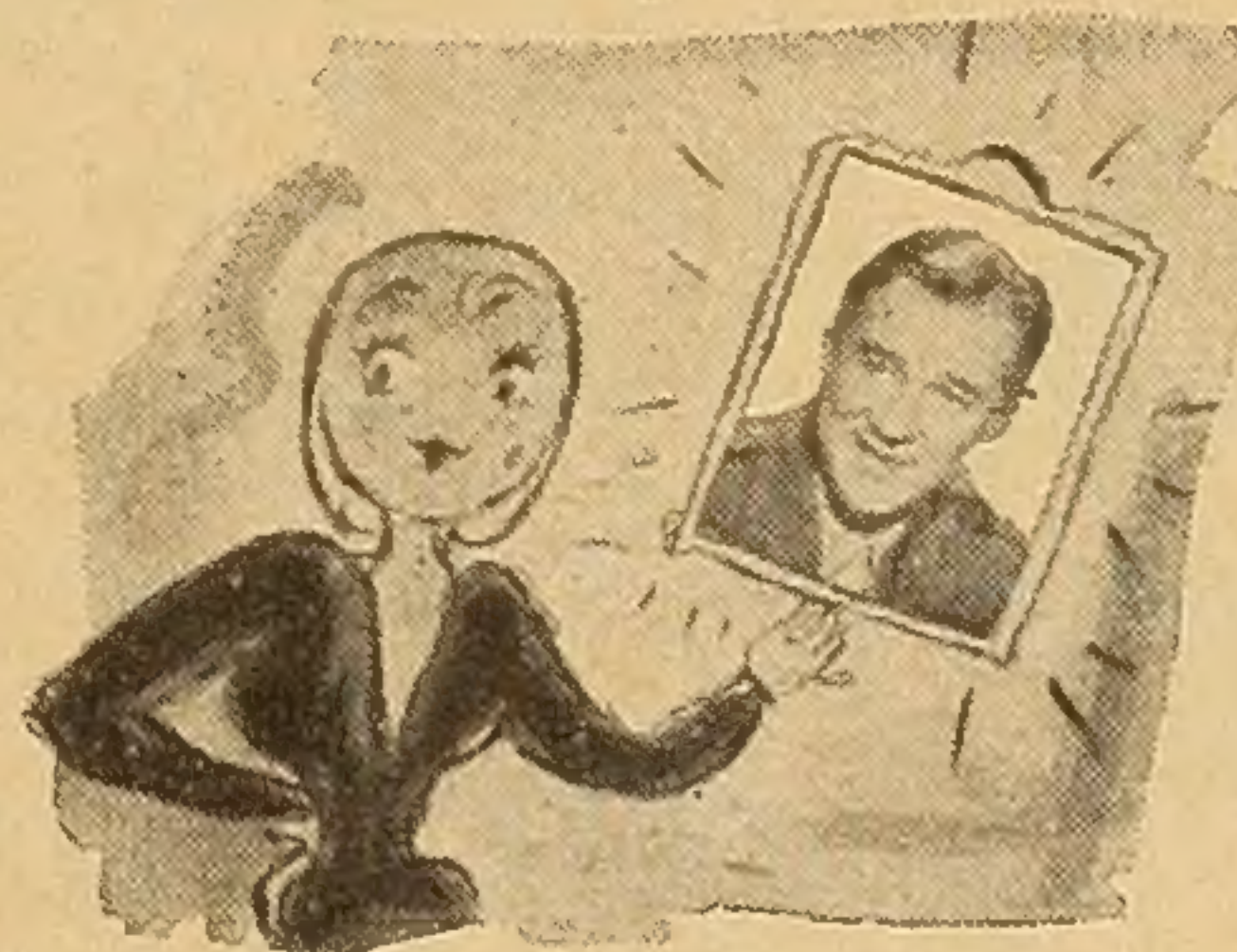


And Paulette — if you don't mind—goes around wearing a black sheer nightgown as an evening dress—to keep up her *Morale* she says. And watch for that scene where she and Veronica have **A REAL FIGHT**—Wow!



THE LAKE IS WONDERFUL

—specially when she screams—
"Sure I'm a nurse—an angel of mercy. But I want to kill . . . Yes, **KILL!** every blood-stained Jap I can lay my hands on!"



Now take a good look at this, girls . . . It's Sonny Tufts, Paramount's **NEW STAR** on the male list . . . A big, tall, good-natured guy, handsome and blond, with a very interesting chest expansion and line.

Take the part where Sonny tells Paulette "If you don't wait for me I'll break your neck!" Mmmmm, **HE'S WONDERFUL!** . . . And in another scene Georgie Reeves has to be bathed by Paulette. Says George—"No female is going to bathe Me!" But Claudette teaches him different!

Director Mark Sandrich has put in loads of wonderful touches like the bit where one of the girls receives a package from home—a big picture hat. Not what the well-dressed warrior will wear at the battlefield! . . . But this picture is so full of interesting and exciting things I can't begin to tell them all. Just **SEE IT!**

Melisse



Claudette COLBERT • Paulette GODDARD • Veronica LAKE "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

A **MARK SANDRICH** PRODUCTION • with George Reeves • Barbara Britton • Walter Abel
And Introducing Sonny Tufts

DIRECTED BY MARK SANDRICH • Written by Allan Scott • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



WOMEN WHO KNOW have a better chance for happiness!

**IMPROVED NEW
FEMININE HYGIENE WAY
gives continuous action
for hours!**

● Knowing the truth about feminine hygiene—the real modern facts—is bound to mean greater happiness for any wife! Are you sure your information is up-to-date?

Today you can know! Today no woman need trust half-truths. No woman need rely on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures—or risk using over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Intelligent, well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors, the new safe convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize, by actually *destroying* odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. *Give continuous action for hours!*

Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissues! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7910A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.

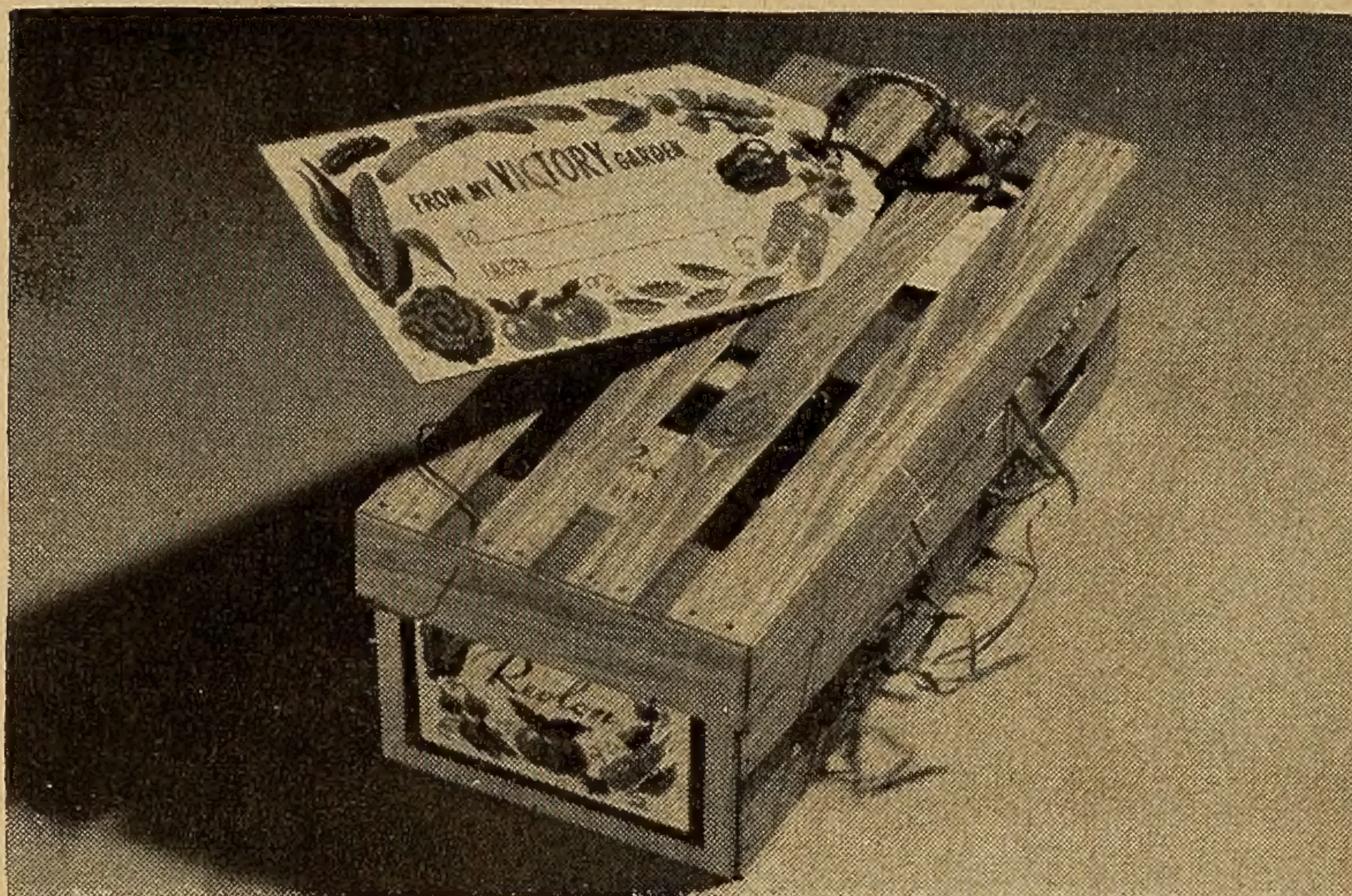
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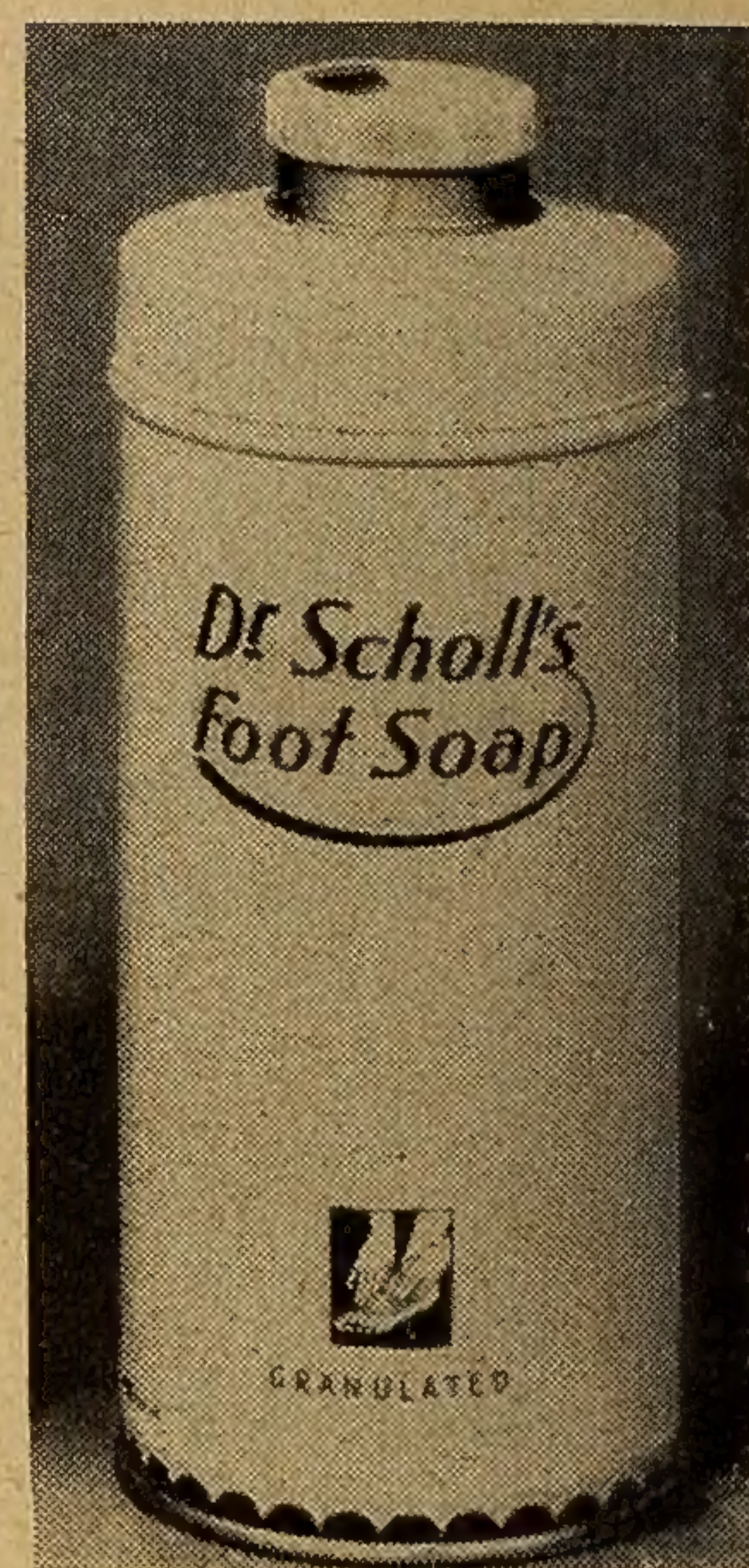


GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Take your pick of ways to correct and conceal summer's damage to your Beauty



Revlon packs tiny crate of grooming things in nail preparations.



Dr. Scholl contributes a granulated soap for foot comfort.

A MINIAURE Victory Garden Crate of your favorite nail preparations! We wonder how Revlon always manages to give us the right thing at the right moment. Here's their luscious crop of nail goods packed like the choicest vegetables. The famous stay-on enamel, basecoat Adheron, oily remover, emery board, and an orange-wood stick snuggle closely together in a cardboard box cut out and painted to look like a real little crate. It's a grand reminder to get right to work on those Victory Garden hands, and to treat nails to a new fall dress. You can choose your Revlon polish to blend with your degree of suntanning or with your costume color.

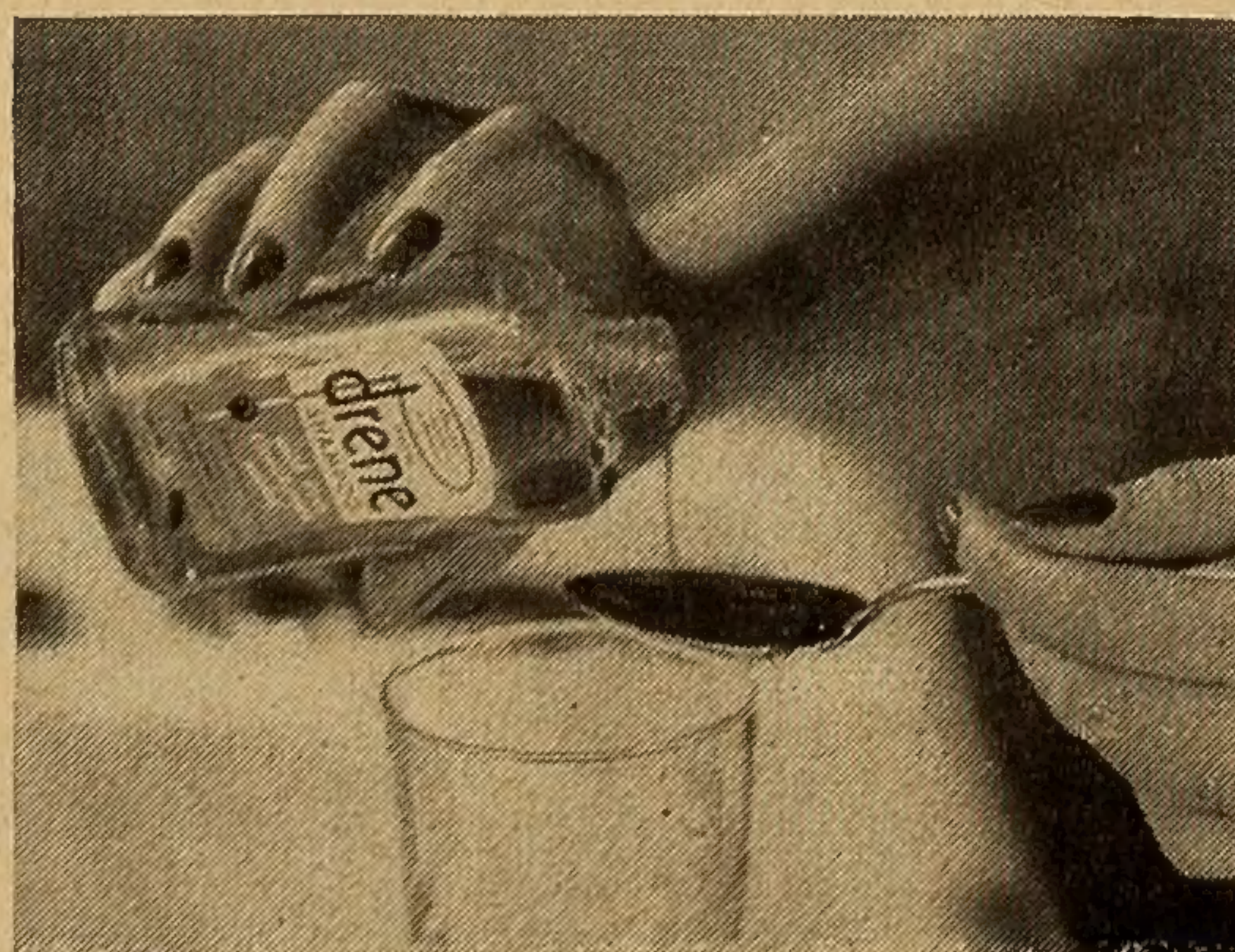
ANOTHER word for Victory gardeners! Let me remind you of that fine hard working soap called Lava, for hard working hands. It is a grey business-like bar that gets out deep-seated grime and dirt like magic. If it feels a bit rough to your skin, that is just its way for it is gentle as a hand cream in its action. You can rely upon Lava to get in under your nails too. It is a vital aid to good hand grooming.

FROM head to foot, comfort counts more than ever before. Dr. Scholl, the famous foot authority, gives us assurance of new pedal comfort in his Granulated Foot Soap. This foot soap washes away the secretions which can cause nasty corns and callouses. All you do is soak the feet in warm water

for five minutes, then sprinkle the soap over them and massage thoroughly. The skin is left soft, smooth and immaculately clean, impurities are removed from the pores—and such exquisite relief comes to our poor aching, burning feet. Here's a new foot freedom, and we'll venture to say, lots of improved dispositions.

WHEN you find a shampoo that really cleans your hair even in the hardest water, and does the extra job of conditioning summer-neglected locks, then you've made a great discovery. Drene's new soapless shampoo does this and more. And all you use of this precious liquid is one tablespoon to a little less than a quarter of a glass of water. (If hair is very oily or very thick it is a good idea to use a little more.) You rub and rinse, rub and rinse through two sudsings. Another surprise is yours when you find the well-rubbed hair is practically tangle-free!

TAYTON'S Techna-Tint Cake Make-Up comes straight from Hollywood. Its round blue box contains a real find. If you don't like the color of your fading tan just hide it under a stay-on coat of Techna-Tint. Rub a moist dab of cotton over the cake and apply a thin film of make-up to face and neck. Before it dries, blend smoothly with the finger-tips. You'll be amazed at the flattering new beauty that is added to your complexion—and not a blemish shows.



Special shampoo, which conditions as it cleanses by Drene.



From Hollywood, comes "Techna-Tint," a brand-new cake make-up.

*He tried to divide his heart...
and Broke Theirs!*



WARNER BROS.
NOW PRESENT THE MOST UNUSUAL LOVE STORY IN YEARS AND YEARS
CHARLES BOYER • JOAN FONTAINE
AND **ALEXIS SMITH**

Another Academy Award Role for Joan!

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

THE MOST EXCITING "OTHER WOMAN" YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

with **CHARLES COBURN** **PETER LORRE • BRENDA MARSHALL**
Directed by **EDMUND GOULDING** **DAME MAY WHITTY** • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola from the Novel and Play by Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT
PICTURE THAT
YOU SIMPLY
HAVE TO SEE!

"tra-la-la" — soon you'll be seeing **Irving BERLIN'S "THIS IS THE ARMY"**
(with colors flying in Technicolor) watch! wait! wheeeeee

**DON'T DULL HAIR BY
"SOAPING"
LET HALO GLORIFY IT!**



With Halo Shampoo there's no dulling soap-film to dim luster, hide color

GLORIFY your hair!—Make it sparkle with all its thrilling natural luster! Start today shampooing with remarkable new Halo. You'll notice the exciting difference immediately.

All soaps and soap shampoos—even the very finest—leave soap-film that makes your hair look drab, lifeless, unlovely. But amazing Halo contains no soap. Therefore, cannot leave dulling soap-film. You will be positively thrilled the way Halo lets hidden highlights shine through, giving your hair-do all its glorious natural "sparkle."

Halo rinses away completely without a lemon or vinegar after-rinse—leaves your hair easy to manage and curl. 10¢ and larger sizes.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



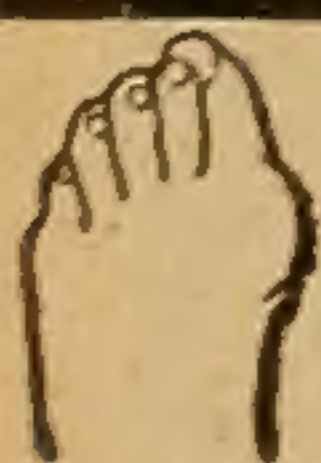
**REVEALS THE HIDDEN
BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR**

SONGWRITERS

If you're really interested in songwriting, you should write for our free booklet. It explains our splendid service plan which new writers praise so highly. Let us help you as we have helped others. Write today for FREE INSPIRING BOOKLET.

ALLIED MUSIC CO., Dept. 10, 204 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

**BUNIONS
LARGE OR
TENDER JOINTS**



Doctor's New Quicker Relief!

Stop suffering! If you have painful bunions, enlarged or tender joints, you'll get quick relief with the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Feel the world of difference these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads make... how they lift shoe pressure off the sensitive spot and protect the joint. New in design and texture and 630% softer than before! Do not come off in the bath. More economical! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Fans' Forum



FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00

I, too, have my favorite actors and actresses, but today my rave is not for them. Instead it is for the musical short subjects that feature the "name" bands of the day.

Recently I have seen several of these and as an "overseas" man I thoroughly enjoy them and know my friends do also from the applause that starts the moment the name of the band flashes on the screen. There are many of us who are on distant shores and we lack the entertainment facilities that we had when we were training in the States, and now must rely upon radio and screen.

We have very good radio programs prepared by the Special Service Department in the States and sent to our headquarters in the form of transcriptions for rebroadcast, but we not only like to hear our favorite bands, we like to see them as well. And next to seeing them in person, which is impossible, movies are the next best thing. When we are able to see and hear them through the medium of motion pictures it tends, momentarily, to take us back to that last dance and "the girl who is waiting."

PFC. JERRY HARNS, c/o Postmaster, N. Y. C.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00

I am a regular reader of SCREENLAND and every movie magazine out. What burns me is getting these magazines and seeing the covers repeatedly featuring Veronica Lake and her peek-a-boo bang or new hairdo, and announcing stories about Lana Turner and her marriage troubles. What do we care about Lana's marriage troubles and Veronica's hairdo? Why don't you have pictures of real stars, real actors and actresses who don't have to do or create talk just to get their pictures on magazine covers. Why don't you have more pictures of lovely Olivia de Havilland, Nancy Coleman and Bette Davis? These are three actresses who can really act and worthy of such publicity! Olivia de Havilland has more glamor in her eyes than Lana Turner and Veronica Lake combined. Why not give us pictures we all long to see?

LARRY LUDWIG, Franklin, Minn.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 Each

I am writing this letter to let the fans of the following young ladies know what lovely and sincere people they are. I had

COMPLAINTS OR COMPLIMENTS

Why suffer in silence when you can tell it to SCREENLAND? Write a letter about your impressions of the movies and stars. It makes no difference whether you are in the mood for complaints or compliments. Your letter may win one of the monthly prizes of \$10.00; \$5.00; and five prizes of \$1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to FANS' FORUM, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

the extreme pleasure of meeting Betty Grable, taking pictures with her and dancing with her. I also had the privilege of speaking to her away from the crowds and in my estimation she is about as wonderful a person as it is possible to meet. I can write a lot about her, but I have a few others I would like to congratulate—Lana Turner, Anne Shirley, Anne Gwynne, Julie Bishop, Joyce Reynolds, Eleanor Parker and many others.

I met all these stars in the short space of seven days and they are the finest bunch of people I have ever known. They gave me the most enjoyable days of my life.

Among the male stars, I met Paul Henreid, Robert Young, Allan Jones, Bob Hope, Gene Lockhart, Jackie Cooper. I can assure all their fans that to meet them is to know and like them.

PVT. SAM POMERANTZ, Clovis, N. M.

Recently some one wanted to know what I saw in Frank Sinatra. Perhaps many people are asking the same question. Well, here's my answer.

He may not be a glamor boy but he has charm (and I do mean charm). He may not top Bing Crosby now, but he will in a year (or even sooner). He's what everybody calls "solid."

ANASTASIA LUTZ, Baltimore, Md.

I have heard many things about my favorite star. Many say he is "sort of homely"; others say he is darling; to me he is the swellest guy in Hollywood. This tall blond from Newport, R. I., has won
(Please turn to page 15)

The Strangest Love Story Ever Told!

No story so touching!
No love so tender!
No life so dangerous!
No woman so desirable!

MERLE
OBERON

BRIAN
AHERNE

FIRST COMES COURAGE

A grand romantic
drama against the
flaming background
of war!

with CARL ESMOND • ISOBEL ELSOM • ERIK ROLF

Screen Play by Lewis Meltzer and Melvin Levy • Story by Elliott Arnold

Directed by DOROTHY ARZNER • Produced by HARRY JOE BROWN • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

It's a
BIG PICTURE



JOE E. BROWN,
famed comedian, says:

"I've been watching West-
erns for twenty years —
and Roy Rogers is the
greatest cowboy star I've
ever seen!"

**AND HE'S THE CHOICE
OF ALL AMERICA, TOO**

You'll know why when you see
Roy's latest and greatest action-
and-music hit!



**Hear Roy
Sing:**

Springtime in the
Rockies
Tumbling
Tumbleweeds
and 4 other grand hits

Roy ROGERS

King of the Cowboys

TRIGGER

Smartest Horse In The Movies
and **SMILEY BURNETTE** in

**SILVER
SPURS**

with **JOHN CARRADINE**
PHYLLIS BROOKS
JEROME COWAN
JOYCE COMPTON
and **BOB NOLAN**
AND THE SONS OF
THE PIONEERS

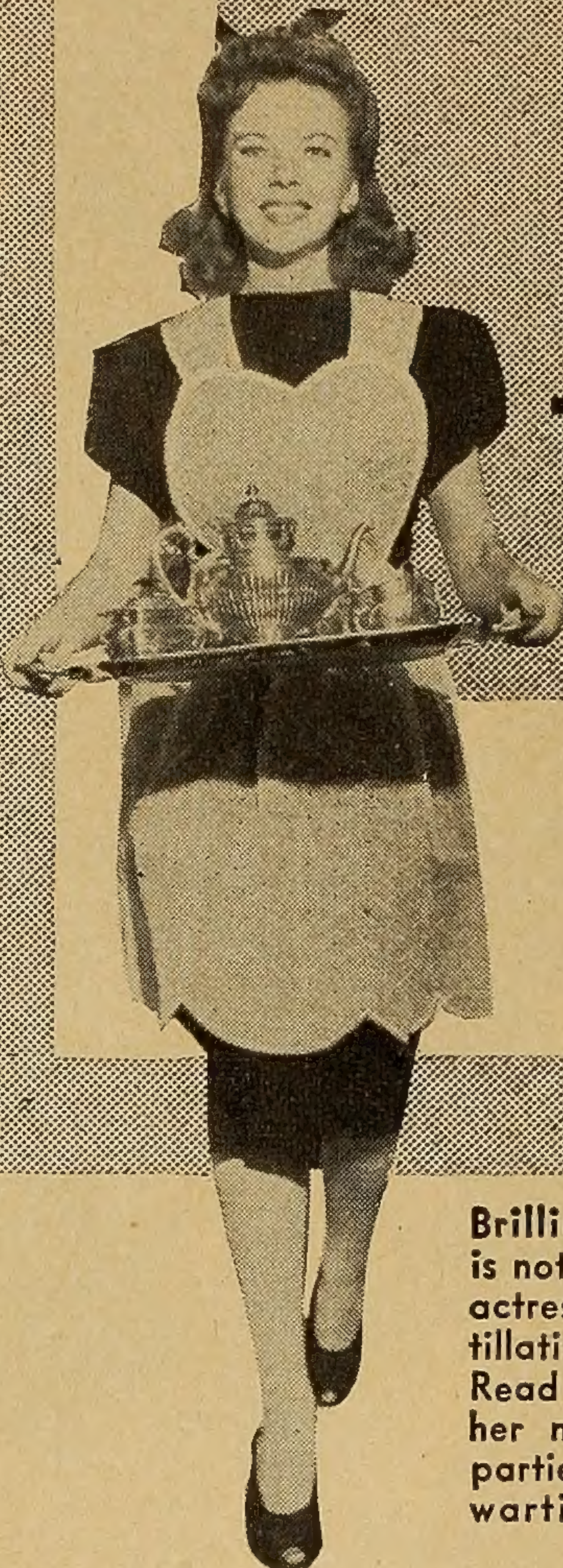
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

STREAMLINED LIVING

**INSIDE
THE STARS' HOMES
TODAY!**

By Betty Boone



Brilliant Lupino
is not only a fine
actress but a scin-
tillating hostess.
Read how she and
her mother plan
parties in these
wartime days.

WHAT do you do when the urge
seizes you to have a party and your
ration book has practically no points
left? That situation confronted Ida Lupino
last week. There she was, with an unex-
pected day off—not called by the studio, no
interviews to give, no fittings, nothing but
a lovely long stretch of hours ahead. "I had
to have a party!" she explained.

Connie Lupino, her mother, said mildly:
"How nice! Did you know we've used up
our points for the week?"

It developed that they had two red ration
points among the three of them—Mrs.
Lupino, Ida, and Ida's secretary, Leslie.
Enough for a quarter of a pound of butter.



"Oh well," said Ida, blithely, "scratch
around, darling. We probably have some
sort of food on hand." She made out her
guest list and began calling people up.
"There will be ten of us," she announced
at length.

Her mother counted the eggs again.
There were exactly eighteen. That wouldn't
be enough for scrambled eggs for ten.
"We'll borrow some," decreed Ida, and the
Lupinos darted about among their neigh-
bors on the high hill, acquiring two here,
three there, to be repaid when the "egg
man" arrived at the end of the week.

A survey of the ice-box disclosed six
small sausages. There were two cans of
lima beans and plenty of greens for salad.
Leslie went for the butter.

Now that Ida's maid has a job in a war
plant and the "boys"—who used to do the
work at the Brentwood house are in the
Army, the three women divide household
duties, helped out by part-time domestics
who handle the heavy labor of cleaning and
washing. Ida's mother is cook.

"I never learned how to cook," she con-
fessed, "and a cook-book defeats me. When
I read a recipe I get so befuddled I can't



Like every other woman in the U. S., Ida
ponders over ration points, evolving the
most tempting food combinations pos-
sible. She stars in Warners' "Devotion."



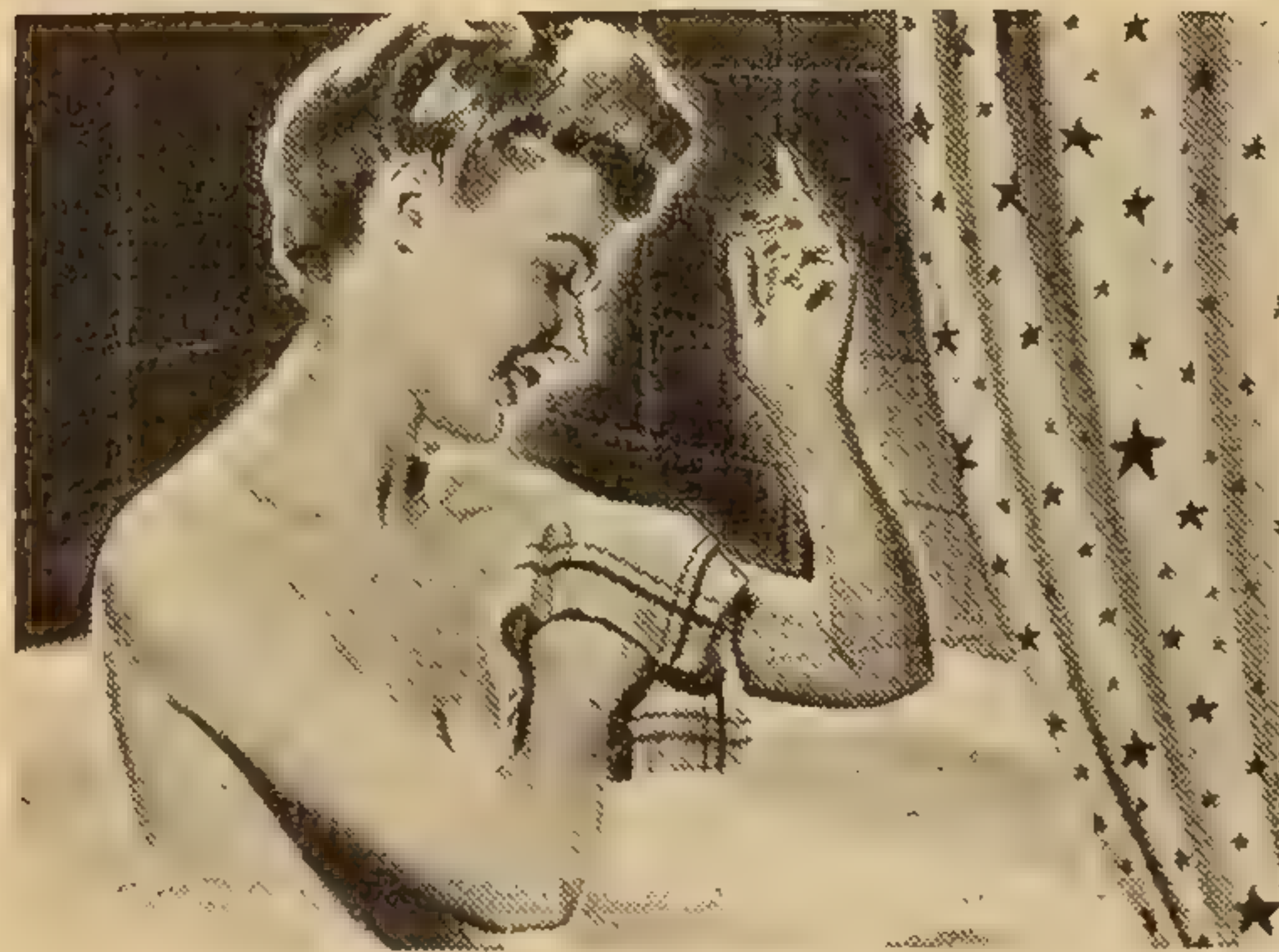
Ever try to magnetize a Man?

Is your heart set on
some particular Him?

Then hang onto your
charm — always!

So many popular girls
have this

1-2 RULE FOR CHARM!



1 Freshen up for your date with him—start with this refreshing bath. It perks up your spirits—makes you dainty and sweet. Baths just wash away *past* perspiration—but to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, use Mum!



2 Give charm a future. Mum takes just 30 seconds—won't irritate skin or harm clothes. Now—what does your evening promise—dancing, fun, romance? Underarm odor won't break the spell—Mum is *dependable*!

Mum safely, surely prevents underarm odor!

YOUR ace in winning or keeping romance is the appeal you have for others, your charm! Make certain you never offend—use Mum every day, before dates!

Your bath alone can't make you *sure* you're safe—baths only remove *past* perspi-

ration. Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor, without stopping perspiration. Charm is important in business, at parties, among friends! Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe—*thousands of women use it this way, too!*

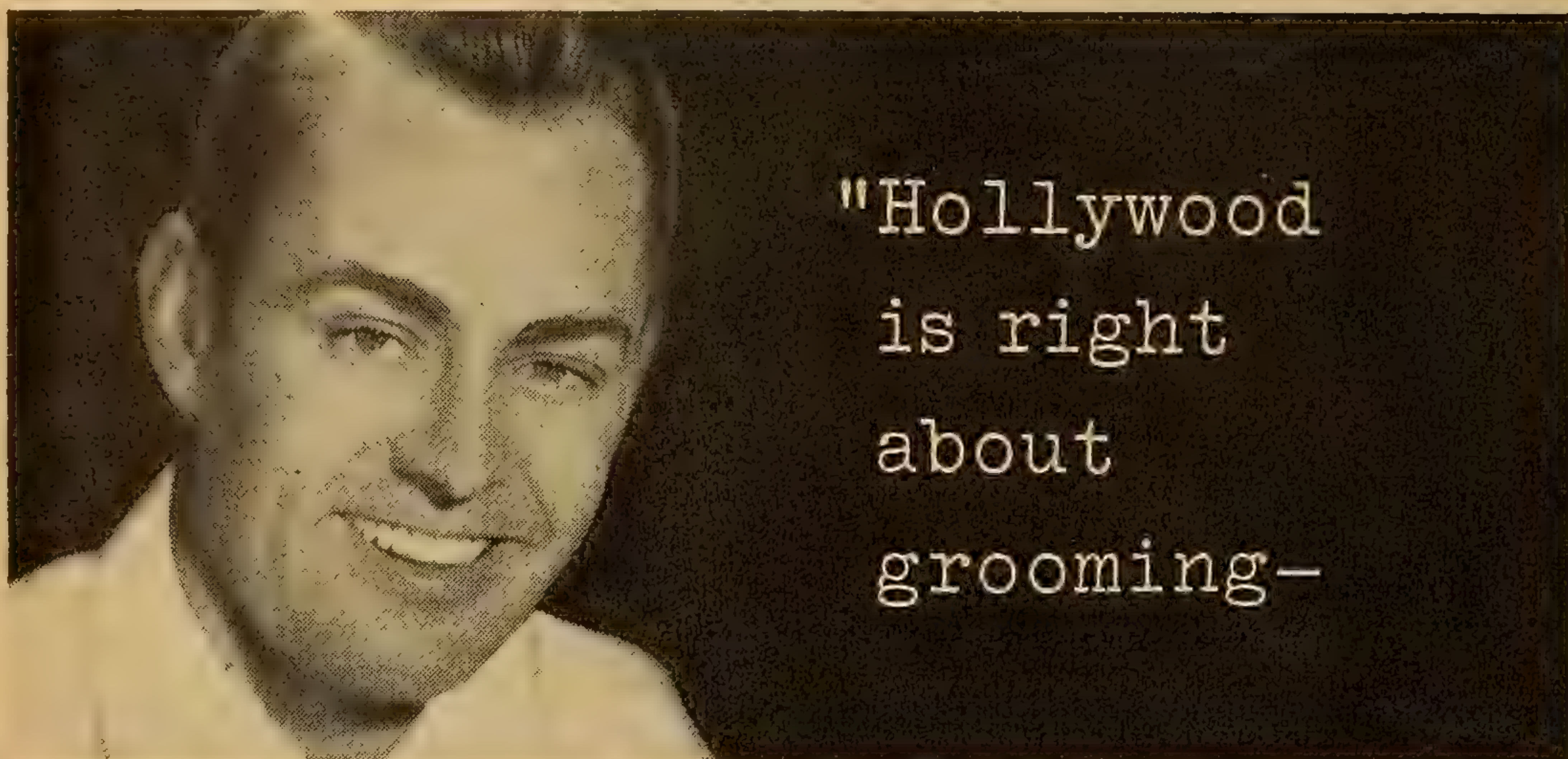


Product of Eristol-Myers

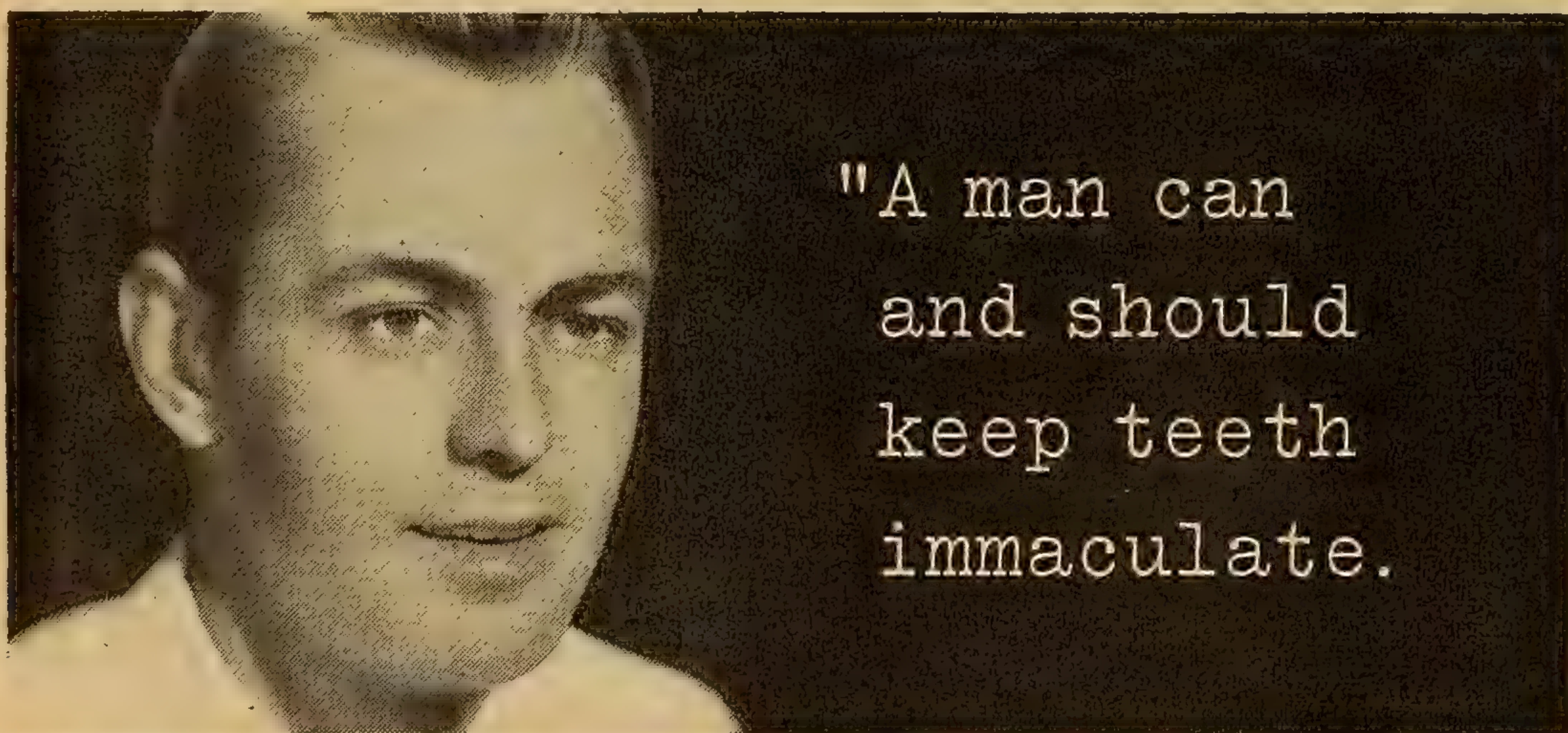
Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

ALAN LADD speaking:

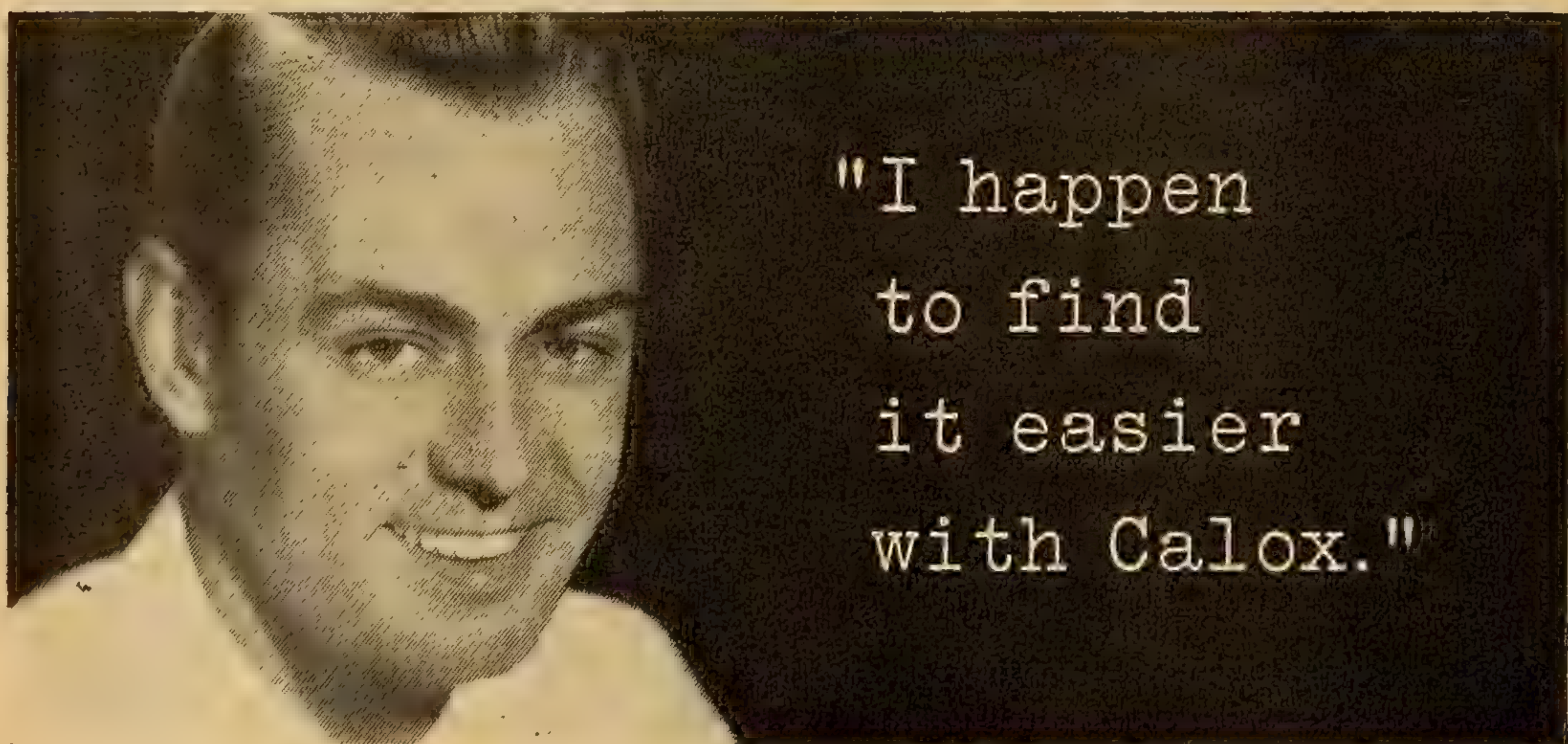
Co-Starring in "CHINA," a Paramount picture.



"Hollywood
is right
about
grooming—



"A man can
and should
keep teeth
immaculate.



"I happen
to find
it easier
with Calox."



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency—even for teeth that stain easily. And Calox is a miracle of delicacy.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.

imagine how to go about following it. I have to cook by instinct. When I scramble eggs, I use milk rather than cream, because I think cream *and* butter makes them too rich. You should have seen me scrambling eggs in three frying pans that night! When I stirred one, another would begin to burn, and when I went after it, the third would start shrieking for attention. It was like a merry-go-round, me dashing from one pan to the other."

"Talk about loaves and fishes," contributed Ida, "Mother divided the sausages into bits so that something appeared on each plate."

There were baked potatoes, the skins well scrubbed, then heavily greased before baking. "I served them with salt," related Connie. "Two points worth of butter simply can't be stretched."

"She said," recalled her daughter, with one of her gay little grins, "You're not going to be able to get butter under rationing, so you may as well get used to eating your potato without it."

"They ate every scrap of potato, skin and all," said Connie.

The lima beans were heated, with seasoning, as a hot vegetable. Lettuce, cucumber, onions, tomatoes, radishes and romaine were combined into an immense green salad. Connie concocted one of her "instinctive" dressings made of half wine, half vinegar, a dash of pepper, salt, sugar and honey, beaten up with a "bit" of Lea and Perrins sauce. She doesn't know how much of anything, she just throws it in and tastes as she goes.

"There were olives and nuts and peppermints on the pantry shelves, so we set them out in pretty dishes," said Ida. "The table was simply *laden* when we sat down. We'd run out of coffee, so we served tea—hot tea, iced tea, tea with lemon, tea with milk, tea with cream, oceans of tea. Everybody loved it!"

As for dessert, guests were divided between delight and mystification at the pretty and oh, so delicious dish. Ida didn't know what it was and Connie wouldn't tell. But she'll tell SCREENLAND.

"I wandered around, gathering up all the odds and ends and quarters of cake and cookies in the house. There was some chocolate cake, some cocoanut cake, a piece of sponge cake, a few slices of angel cake, some cookies—I believe they were raisin biscuits, toll-house and nut cookies. When I had them all together, they made a fairly good-sized dish. I cut them into smaller pieces, poured milk over them and while they soaked, I whipped up a Royal vanilla pudding, making it quite thin, and poured it over the entire dish. When it was cool, I set it in the ice-box, and served it cold. No one could imagine what I'd got in it!"

Announcing Winners of Virginia Weidler Prize Contest

First Prize Winner	Miss Lois Duniho, 825 Scott Street, Covington, Kentucky.
Second Prize Winner	Miss Joyce Cargill, 52 Oakland Avenue, Manchester, New Hampshire.
Third Prize Winner	Miss Joyce Wallis, 270 Sexton Street, Struthers, Ohio.
Fourth Prize Winner	Pfc. Norman A. Richardson, Armed Forces Induction Station, Camp Croft, South Carolina.
Fifth Prize Winner	Mr. Fred Reese Wagner, Jr., 225 Hawthorne Avenue, Haddonfield, New Jersey.
Sixth Prize Winner	Mr. Harold Damro, 1417-A East Pryor Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 10

my heart. If you can't guess his name by now I'll tell you more about him.

He's the guy who played *Mike* in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley," *Dr. Adams* in "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant," *Marcus Macauley* in "The Human Comedy," and his next picture, when he is fully recovered from his auto crash, will be "A Guy Named Joe." Now do you know? Van Johnson, of course!

One reason why I like this blond is because he is a regular fellow. When I first saw him I liked him but it wasn't until I saw him in the rôle of *Mike* in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" that I found out who he was, so I wrote to him and he sent me the grandest picture I ever saw. I can never thank him enough for it.

MARY ANN SHARPE, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

I have just returned from seeing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Gloria Jean had one of the leading parts. I must say that I am very disappointed in her studio. Why? Because they have never given her a chance to become a star. Why haven't they given her that chance?

In Gloria Jean they not only have another Deanna Durbin but a very beautiful young lady who would go a long way if given half a chance. She hasn't had a real break since "The Under Pup," in which she stole the hearts of American audiences.

There is another thing that makes me mad at her studio—her makeup. They have plucked her eyebrows and put so much makeup on her that it hides her natural beauty. They are making her grow up, which is swell, but she can grow up and

Rita Hayworth likes to spend her leisure time off the set of Columbia's "Cover Girl," knitting for Bundles for America. Are you doing your share for this worthy cause?



be glamorous with very little makeup and her natural eyebrows. The heavy makeup and thin eyebrows make her look cheap.

She is a good actress, as was proven in "The Under Pup," and I believe she is even prettier than Deanna.

MONITA PATTERSON, Toledo, Ohio.

Pin a blue ribbon on Alice Faye for her sparkling all-out effort in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." With a voice like a charming symphony, she sent ripples of happiness through-

out the audience, skyrocketing morale to an irresistible standard. When she sang "You'll Never Know," hearty satisfaction was passed around in generous slices. This soldier enjoyed Alice's performance to the hilt; it had beauty, romance and spirit rolled into one enthusiastic treat.

Producers, here is an emergency assignment—put another scintillating musical (with Alice) on the assembly line!

CORP. ALBERT B. MANSKI,
Camp Robinson, Ark.

IRRESISTIBLE

as always!

We dedicate to the WAACS...

IRRESISTIBLE *Yankee Red* LIPSTICK

Irresistible answers the call to color with Yankee Red... a bewitching, vibrant accent to Khaki or any costume for wear on the home front. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are smoother... stay on longer. A most important consideration when time is precious and beauty essential to the morale. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

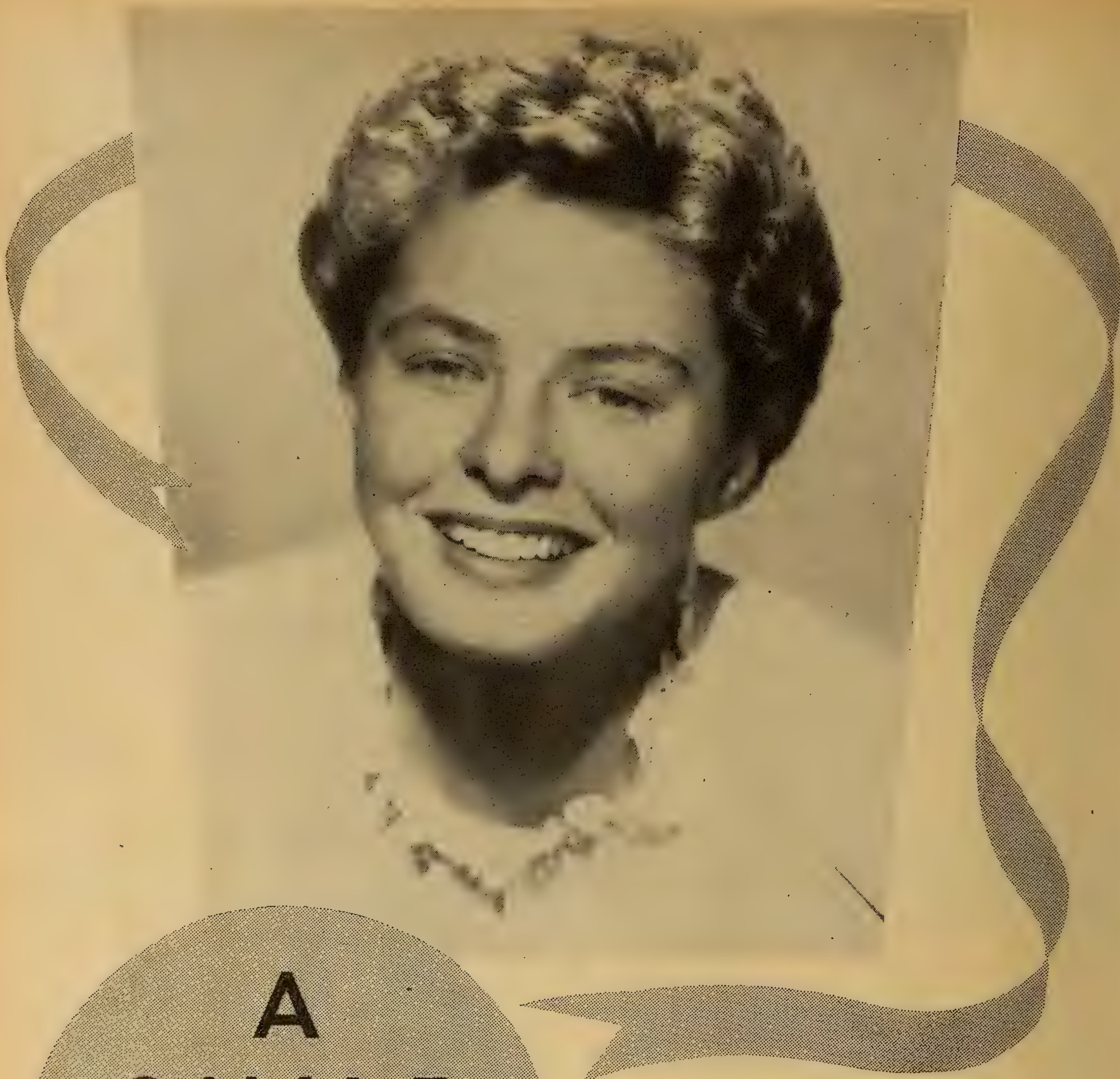
10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

off duty... a touch of
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
assures glamour 10¢





A SMILE WINS

By Josephine Felts

**Beautiful
teeth accent
the radiant
smile of Ingrid
Bergman, ap-
pearing in
"For Whom
the Bell Tolls"**

as intelligent as she is beautiful, so she's well aware that a gay and humorous approach lessens her own problems and those of her many friends. Her lovely teeth and fresh clean look reflect her radiant health.

It's part of every actress' career to learn to smile. There have been a few who wept magnificently but who never won their public's heart because their smiles just didn't ring true. Frequently, improved ease in using lips and increased teeth beauty have saved a career just in the nick of time.

Every screen lady must learn to talk, and to talk well. She can't have the sloppy kind of speech that isn't intriguing and that can't be easily understood. As she works for clearness and beauty in her speech, she's often unconsciously easing all tension from her facial expressions. Talk to yourself in a mirror and you'll see just what we mean. If you mumble behind closed teeth, or if you mutter through half-opened stationary lips, you'll soon discover how dull and unanimated you can look. Pretty soon you'll take on a rigid mouth that just won't "break into" a smile. One girl we know experimented with just the word B-E-T-T-E-R. She had

(Please turn to page 69)

FACE the world this fall and winter with a smile. And I mean a big, broad beautiful one! It's part of our war job to greet our work and play with a smile.

How attractive—and how cheering—your smile is depends so much on you. Taking for granted that most of us have beautiful dispositions (or are trying our best to cultivate them), it's about time to concentrate on "keeping those corners up" prettily.

There are several factors that contribute to a lovely smile. First, of course, is the spontaneous spirit behind it. Then comes the mobility and shape of our lips; and last, but far from least, is the gleam of the teeth we're bound to show so frequently.

Doesn't Ingrid Bergman's smile radiate the happy wholesome spirit behind it? We think it shows the honest amusement she finds in so many simple things. She's just

Girls who serve in Navy blue
Have shining, lovely tresses too!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!*



PRETTY SMOOTH... and mighty smart!
A wonderful hair-do for the girl to
whom short hair is becoming. It gives
you that alert, alive look you want
these days—in or out of uniform!
Hair shampooed with Special Drene
—for extra sheen and smoothness!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Whether you're wearing a uniform or not—
shining hair is standard equipment for the
loveliness every girl wants!

So don't dull the lustre of your hair by using
soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dra-
matic difference after your first shampoo...
how gloriously it reveals all the lovely
sparkling highlights, all the natural color
brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far
silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...
right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neat-
ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately,
you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all
flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special
Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask
your beauty shop to use it!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of
shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous
and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



*Soap film
dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap!
Switch to Special Drene. It
never leaves any dulling film, as
all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene
reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

HAPPY SONGS! HAPPY SONJA! HAPPY HILARITY!
IN THE HAPPY PLAYLAND OF THE NORTH!

*Hotter than a snowball in
Hades... with romance,
rhythm and revelry. It all
happens on ice... and it's
happiness all the way!*



**SONJA
HENIE**



Winter time

with
Jack OAKIE
Cesar ROMERO
Carole LANDIS

and
S.Z. Sakall • Cornel Wilde
WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by John Brahm • Produced by William Le Baron • Screen Play by Arthur Kober, Lynn
Starling and Lillie Hayward • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin and Nacio Herb Brown • Dances
Staged by James Gonzales and Carlos Romero • Musical Sequences Supervised by Fanchon

Watch for
these other
big ones from



CENTURY-FOX

The Biggest
figure in
entertainment!

"HEAVEN CAN WAIT" ★ "SONG OF BERNADETTE" ★ "JANE EYRE"

SCREENLAND

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOAN BLONDELL

DEAR Joan:

Please forgive me for not writing sooner! I've been owing you this letter for months and I am heartily ashamed of myself for putting it off so long. Not only ashamed of me, but of all of us movie magazine people for our lack of appreciation of Blondell, one of the best troupers of them all.

We've told our readers all about Bob Hope, Carole Landis, Jeanette MacDonald, Betty Grable, about the magnificent job they've been doing cheering up the boys. But—because you've been so casual about it all—we have neglected to point out that you have probably spent more solid time than any other trouper entertaining the soldiers. Nine months away from Hollywood, during which you did your famous strip-tease number for millions of Uncle Sam's fighting men, at Army, Navy, Marine centers from coast to coast, as well as in Newfoundland. (It's cold up there in some of those camps you visited but you certainly warmed up your audiences. But for the benefit of those who may not have heard all about your strip-tease—no soldier's mother or girl friend need worry about that. It's just a cute number in which you take off nothing but a pair of fur-cuffed gloves and a bolero jacket. It's your charm, your forthright friendliness, your sense of humor that made 'em love you.)

And now you're back in Hollywood with your first really good part in a long time, in "Cry Havoc." And Hollywood had better be good to you in the future, too, with plenty more good parts—or several hundred thousand soldiers will want to know the reason why.

Delight Evans

Joan, one of the Hollywood Victory Committee's champion camp show entertainers, gives the final flourish to her strip-tease number. Below, with an appreciative soldier at Camp Berkeley. After nine months of touring the camps, Miss Blondell has accepted an important rôle in M-G-M's new movie of women in war, "Cry Havoc."



Irving Berlin's great American
show becomes a mighty movie

As told to Elizabeth Wilson

"THIS



Sgt. Joe Louis, left, prepares for a drill session before the cameras. Above, "Ladies of the Chorus" number. Right above, three of the actor principals: Alan Hale, George Tobias and George Murphy.

AM Private John Doe.

Sometime during the Fall of 1941 and the Winter of 1942, I was inducted into the United States Army. Along with hundreds of other men, I was processed at various reception centers throughout the country. I was given an Army serial number, tetanus and typhoid shots, and a smallpox vaccination. I was pushed, pulled, begged, ordered and cajoled through the various Army requirements, and I was sworn into the Army as a full-fledged buck private.

I was sent to Camp Upton, Long Island, Fort Dix, New Jersey, Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Camp Devens, Massachusetts, Miami Beach, Florida, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and any other Army cantonment you can name.

I was drilled, ordered, lectured to, instructed, put on K.P. details, put on guard duty, fed, drilled, and awak-



IS THE ARMY"



Berlin himself sings his famous song, *Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning*, in Warner Bros. film production of "This Is The Army." (Left, on facing page.) Sgt. Joe Louis, at left above, is one of the many soldiers appearing in the picture.



George Murphy, right, rehearses a dance number for his rôle of 1917 soldier. Above, at left, Sgt. Ezra Stone (of *Henry Aldrich* radio fame) and Lieut. Ronald Reagan (who plays a corporal in the picture).

ened by bugles. I went through basic training in the infantry, the artillery, the Air Force, the cavalry, the engineers, the medical corps, and the quartermaster corps. I was promoted to a pfc, a corporal, a sergeant, and perhaps even a master sergeant.

Because I could sing, or dance, or read funny lines, or be a master of ceremonies, I took part in camp shows and vaudeville. Perhaps I did these things in civilian life, but I learned other things in the Army that had nothing to do with theatricals. I took pride in my ability to do both, however.

In the Spring of 1942, Irving Berlin was asked by the War Department to produce a successor to his famous soldier show, "Yip Yip Yaphank," and he journeyed to Camp Upton, Long Island, to produce and write it. Through regular military channels he set about casting his new show with soldier talent, and (Please turn to page 62)



MATURE MEN BETTER

Lovers?

HOLLYWOOD'S ANSWER!



"If an actor can make love like Charles Boyer, he doesn't need to talk. It helps, but it isn't necessary!" says director Eddie Goulding. At right, Boyer in a scene with Barbara Stanwyck from "For All We Know."

ARE love scenes dangerous? Do these ecstatic moments in screen dramas hold hidden perils for the actor?

Many Hollywood men will admit there's always the danger of over-playing these scenes, while striving to interpret the emotional warmth and spontaneity of romantic passion. One false tone, one false movement, and the illusion is shattered. Which spells havoc to the actor.

Love scenes are usually the crux of the drama and in the darkened theater many lonely persons, hungry for romance, live vicariously the thrills of a great love they have been denied. It is up to the actor to make these real and satisfying.

Too often, young players are self-conscious. They make the mistake of believing that intensity is the chief quality, and have yet to learn that acting is the art of simulating the passions, not living them. Helen Hayes once told me she thought drama school should pay more attention to the romantic phases of acting. Young students, thrust into love scenes wholly unprepared, become bewildered by the un-



**By
Maude
Cheatham**

"I'm the guy who hates dames!" says Bogart. "As far as I'm concerned, love stuff is just part of my business. I'm glad when these scenes are finished." Yet Humphrey's love scenes with Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca" are still discussed.

"At heart, men are sentimentalists," admits Paul Henreid, whose lighting of two cigarettes in "Now, Voyager," with Bette Davis, sets a new high in movie romance. "Love scenes are difficult," he says, "because they are so significant."



usual demands and sadly flounder. So, forever after, they are afraid of such scenes.

The most appealing lovers on the screen are the seasoned players, so I asked Basil Rathbone, as a post-graduate of this school, just why the mature actor is the better Romeo.

"One of the three enigmas of human existence," Basil promptly replied, "is love. The other two are birth and death, and these have never been explained. You can't teach a man to love. It comes through much living, many personal experiences—contact with the emotional flame, its wild elation, and its hurt. Then, it requires a sound technique for an actor to

**FOR FURTHER PROOF
TURN PAGE**



Spencer Tracy is representative of the experienced actor whose love scenes carry conviction. At right, with Irene Dunne in new M-G-M film, "A Guy Named Joe." Above, Joseph Cotten's first real love scenes for the screen are with co-star Deanna Durbin in "Hers To Hold."

Are the most romantic men in the movies the seasoned actors? See Hollywood's slant on a very provocative subject



project these emotions into a realism that will carry conviction to an audience. These preparations take time, much time. This, I presume, is the reason the seasoned player, rather than the callow youth, is counted the better lover. "Take Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Charles Boyer—they can express every feeling with delicacy, intensity, yet

with utmost economy of demonstration. As men, they have lived their emotions; as actors, they have developed a technique which gives them the freedom of the entire scale of romantic reactions. No inexperienced player could possibly compete with them. "A lover," Basil went on, (Please turn to page 60)



George Montgomery

ALL THIS, And a Voice Too!



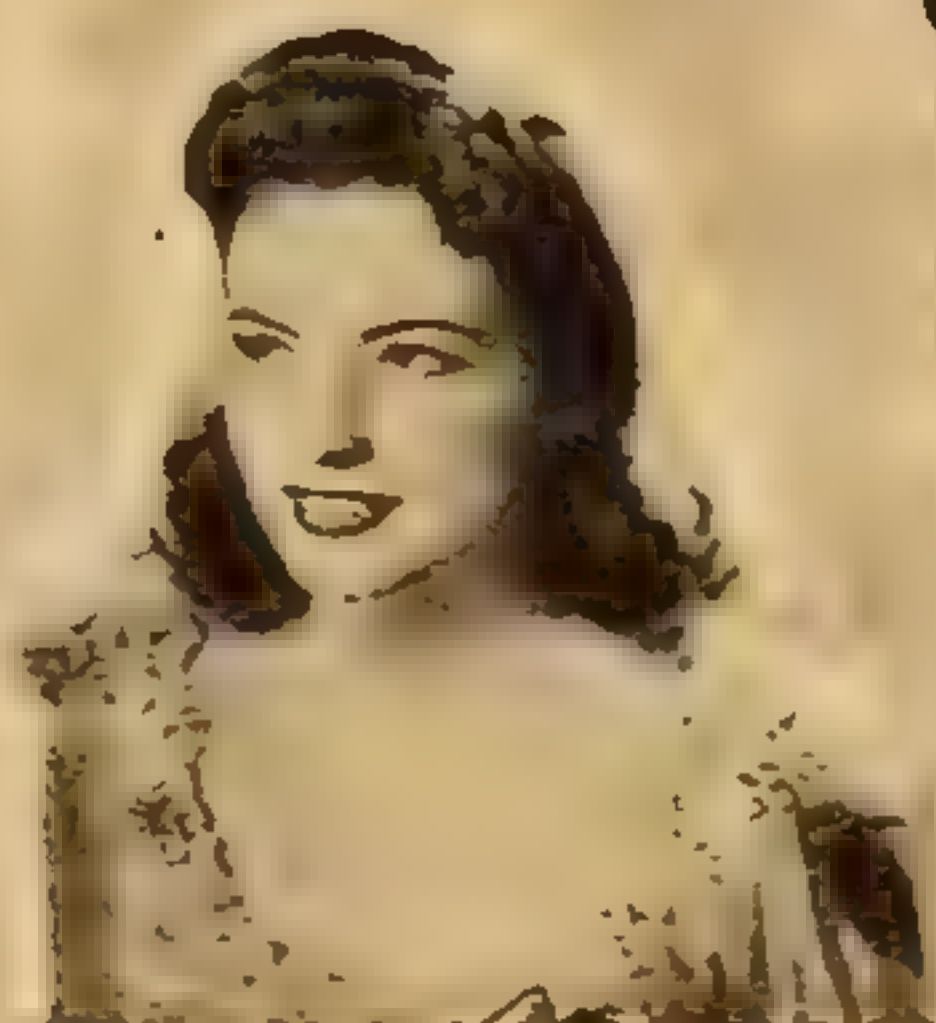
Nan Wynn, glorified here by camera artist Hurrell, looks worthy of big star build-up. Columbia will give her. She looks just as nice in the candid camera shot at left.

Nan Wynn was Rita Hayworth's singing voice in movie musicals until someone took a good, long second look at Nan. Now the pert and pretty radio and night-club vocalist has been signed to sing for herself in Columbia Pictures. Her first film on her own, in which she will receive full screen credit not only for her voice but for her other charms, will be "Jam Session."



**BOY SEES GIRL...
(AND WHAT A GIRL!)**

Fred's a 'Flying Tiger' on leave from the front—and on the loose for laughs and love!



**GIRL SEES BOY...
(AND WHAT A LOOK!)**

Joan's a lovely... something to behold, with wings on her feet and her heart!

**SO THEY JUST HAD
TO GET TOGETHER!**

**FRED
ASTAIRE
JOAN
LESLIE**
teamed up to
thrill you, in

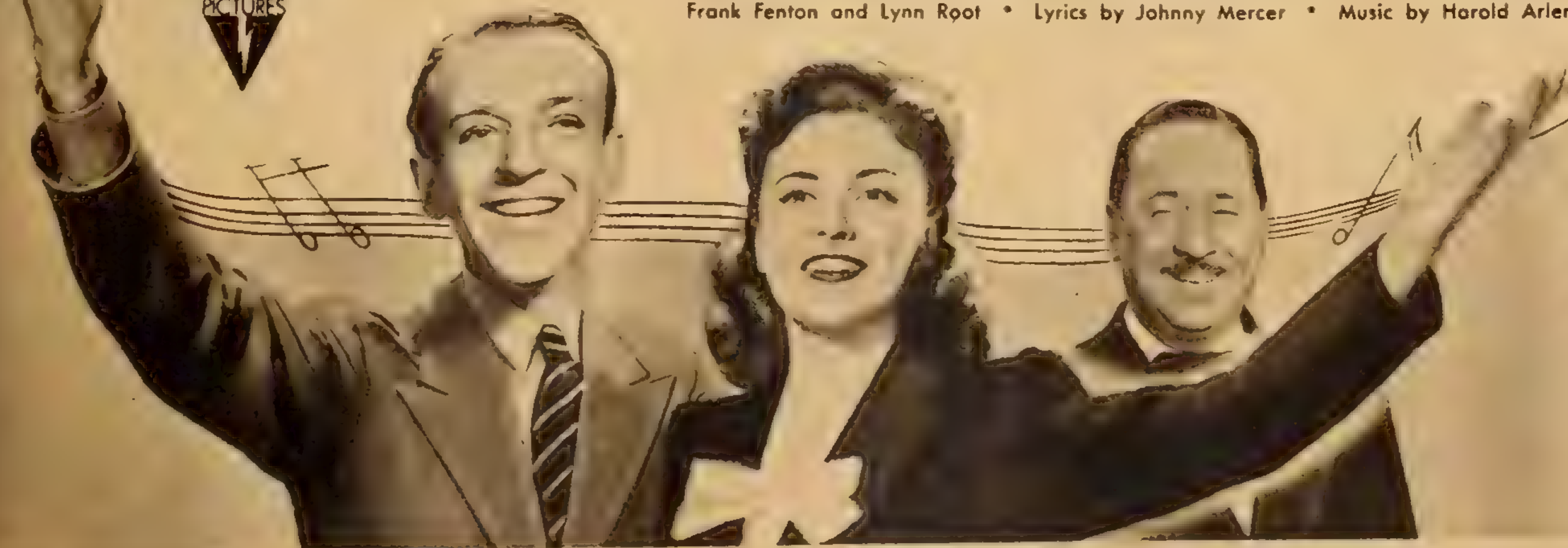
'The Sky's the Limit'

with **ROBERT BENCHLEY**

ROBERT RYAN • ELIZABETH PATTERSON • MARJORIE GATESON

FREDDIE SLACK and his ORCHESTRA

Produced by DAVID HEMPSTEAD • Directed by E. H. GRIFFITH • Original Screen Play by Frank Fenton and Lynn Root • Lyrics by Johnny Mercer • Music by Harold Arlen



Singable,
Dance-able hits!
'My Shining Hour'
'I've Got A Lot In
Common With You'
'One For My Baby'

An interview with Bing Crosby is harder to get than a pair of nylons!



Rare Crosby photo, below, shows writer Dick Mook doing first interview with Bing during crooner's first rise to fame. It was a good story, if we do say so. Yep—we published same!

"Dixie," Bing's latest, has a bang-up minstrel number with the star in black-face. Candid close-ups show Crosby on the set at Paramount. Girl is leading lady Marjorie Reynolds.



CANDID
CLOSEUP

OF

Bing Crosby

"YOU wouldn't kid a pal, would you?" Bing grinned when I asked for the story of his private life.

"What do you mean, 'kid a pal'?" I countered.

"Why, you already know more about my private life than the law allows," he maintained. "My private life is just like the private life of any other middle-class American family."

"Middle-class!" I ejaculated. "Cripes! If you're middle-class most of the rest of us must travel sub-steerage."

Bob Hope used to tell a joke on Bing. At least, Bob told it for a joke but there was more truth than humor in it. He would begin:

"The king was in the counting house,
Counting out his money——"

then he would interrupt himself with, "No, that's the wrong story. Bing was sitting on his lawn counting out his money when a gust of wind came along, blew it all over Toluca Lake and Zanuck, who happened to be passing, saw it and immediately decided to make 'How Green Was My Valley.'"

"I don't think dollars have anything to do with aristocracy and middle-classism," Bing laughed when I had told him the story. "My idea has always been that an aristocrat is someone who is to the manor born and anyone else, no matter how well educated or wealthy, is middle-class. America is a democracy and with a few exceptions, carefully listed in The Blue Book, there aren't any real aristocrats here. Nearly everyone is middle-class. Neither Dixie's (his wife's) ancestors (*Please turn to page 66*)

Bing clowns, croons, strums a banjo, has grand time generally in "Dixie," romantic costume musical movie which you will be seeing on the screen soon.

By

S. R. Mook





“Ex’s” CAN BE FRIENDS



IN SPITE

SEVERAL months have passed since “Mummy” and “Junior” Skelton went ahead and “dood it” (courtesy of an understanding judge), but if you think that the parties of the first and second part are letting a mere divorce terminate a twelve-year-association studded with happy memories and, in the process, wreck Skelton, Inc., a \$200,000-per-annum enterprise built up by both parties, you are not hitting on all eight. As a matter of fact, the incredible and separated Skeltons are currently behaving in a fashion calculated to shed honor on Hollywood (where, according to legend, Love gets an awful kicking around) and praise on themselves. They are proving that ex’s can be friends—good friends—as you are about to discover for yourself.

To be sure, when the news first hit the late editions, practically all of Hollywood did gratis double-takes all over the place. Stunned citizens of the movie colony shook their heads. There must have been a horrible mistake. Either that, or the Skeltons had gone suddenly loco. Why, Red and Edna had started together, come up together, and hit the top together, hadn’t they? The thing just didn’t add up.

Maybe it didn’t add up, but it had happened, all right. The morning

Yes, “ex’s” can still be friends, as Edna and Red Skelton are proving. Still friends in spite of Red’s beard for “Whistling in Brooklyn”; flattery of friends and fans.



OF ALL THIS!



papers confirmed it. The Skeltons had quit "Redna Rancho," the attractively goofy West Los Angeles Manor where they had installed themselves shortly after Red's tumultuous arrival in Hollywood. Edna was living at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Red was batching it in a rented house out Brentwood way.

It was only natural that their friends should have felt concern over the situation. Had the two gone off mad? Had "Junior" lost for keeps the good offices of the second-best "Mummy" he ever knew, a "Mummy" who had gotten him out of a jillion jams, helped solve his problems, and pulled him, countless times, out of the depths of doubt and gloom into which great comedians have a habit of sinking, especially on the way up? And had Edna withdrawn from the firm of Skelton, Inc., for the success of which she had been so largely responsible (as Red has cheerfully admitted to every last interviewer), acting as business manager, investment counselor, gag writer and a host of other things?

The questions were all answered in good time.

Hollywood was still recovering from the shock when a local columnist ran an item to the effect that the Skeltons (*Please turn to page 78*)

First, exclusive story of the Skeltons' "friendly break-up" will give you some idea of Red's character and sense of humor. He's a riot in "Du Barry Was A Lady," with Lucille Ball.

By

John R. Franchey

**The Red Skeltons
may have parted,
but you could
hardly tell from
looking at them!**



Carmen Sykes

BEAUTY and the NAZI BEAST

is a courageous girl who pays a high price for her defiance of Gestapo brutality. Merle Oberon has her best role in a long time. Carl Esmond is seen as her Nazi oppressor, right, while Brian Aherne plays her rescuer, below, in Columbia's new film.



Merle Oberon stars in latest drama depicting Nazi tyranny, "First Comes Courage," with Brian Aherne and Carl Esmond 33



Cagney

HERBERT HOOVER remarked recently, "Actors are the only people in the country who are giving away absolutely free the *only* thing they have to sell: themselves."

When you stop to analyze it it is true. The defense plants are working night and day on the war effort—but they are being paid handsomely for doing so. All their product is *sold* to the government. Actors work every possible moment when they are not in front of the camera, on the war effort—and they receive not a penny for their work.

Take James Cagney, for instance. He has always given freely of himself at the slightest opportunity. He has long been known as the softest touch in Hollywood. When it comes to lending a fellow actor—or anyone else for that matter—a helping hand, there is no one in Hollywood quicker to hold out that hand. He's always been like that. His entire family has always shared in his good fortune.

As a kid, he worked as a bundle-wrapper by day in a department store, rushed home for a bite of dinner and then worked in an uptown restaurant until midnight as a bus boy. The entire salaries he received from both of these jobs went toward helping put his two brothers, Harry and Edward, through medical school.

"It must have been pretty tough," I said when I heard about it, "to work like that and watch someone else reap the benefits, even though they were your brothers."

"It wasn't tough at all," he answered shortly. "In our family it's always been all for one and one for all. When they finished college and got themselves established I could have had anything they had if I'd needed it."

On the other hand, Jimmy goes just so far in his efforts to help and then it is up to a person to help himself—be he relative, friend, or stranger.

Many's the argument we've had on the subject of his sister Jeanne. It is my fixed belief Jeanne would be one of the best actresses in the business if she were ever given a break and I urged Jim time and again to use his influence to get her that break.

"No!" he exclaimed. "She works because she wants to and because she loves this business. All right, if she's going to be an actress let her make her own way, the same as everyone else has to. She'll be a better actress

for knowing the heartache that comes with going into producers' and agents' offices day after day and hearing them say 'Nothing doing today.' For months now she has been in New York trying to find a part in a play and she is learning that being an actress is something more than stepping in front of a camera or the footlights and reciting lines.

"She's been in countless camp shows and on the radio a number of times and she's good, too. What's more, she improves with every appearance. Give her a few years in the theater and she'll even be as good as *you* think she is!

"If I got her a good part now she might make a hit in it and she'd be riding the crest. She might even strike it lucky and make another hit in her second part. But no one's luck holds forever and sooner or later she'd be up against some poor parts and she wouldn't know what to do with them. There is no one who sinks into oblivion

faster than a one or two part actor. When Jeanne clicks she'll click knowing she's fought her own way up and that she is equipped to hold her position.

"One of the things I'm proudest of about her is that she feels the same way about it. Sometime ago she thought she had landed a good part. Rehearsals started but after a few days the producer

came to her and told her they couldn't go on unless they got some more money and did she think her brother would be interested in taking some stock in the play. Jeanne told him 'no' without even asking me. In fact, she still has never said anything to me about it. I learned of the incident from my mother who asked her how the play was coming."

Jimmy has always shied away from publicity pertaining to his personal activities. "Johnny Come Lately" is his first picture in over a year. Yet, during that interim, he has put in the busiest year of his life. There is no way of knowing how many radio appearances he has made free for various war organizations or, if he has been paid, donated the money to some war relief fund. His personal appearances at camps have been almost as numerous yet one hears little of them.

When someone suggested the actors who have donated their time and talent be given medals as soldiers in grease-paint, Jimmy's answer was typical: "We want no badges of honor for our lapels. We want no credit for our ac-

**X-ray of Jimmy
the Great—the
man, not the actor**



OUT OF CHARACTER!

Exclusive candid photos of Cagney across top of pages: from left to right, Jim with his producer-brother Bill and director Howard; welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan and daughter Genevieve, parents and sister of the five Sullivan boys who lost their lives in a Pacific battle. (Mrs. Sullivan revealed that Cagney is her choice to play her oldest son in the picture about the brothers); two new views of Jim at home.

tivities. If, after it's all over, we can know we had some small part in winning the war, that knowledge will be reward enough. It will bring with it a satisfaction that is deep and everlasting."

President of the Screen Actors' Guild; Chairman of the Actors' Division of the Hollywood Victory Committee, Chairman of the Red Cross Drive, his home life these days is practically non-existent. I don't believe he spends one evening a week at home. Yet (*Please turn to page 68*)



Cagney the trouper of "Johnny Come Lately," his new film, built up Grace George's part over his own.

By
**Peter
Kent**





Wife of Capt. Gene Raymond of the Army Air Forces when he is home on leave, Jeanette keeps busy while he's away making her operatic debut in "Romeo and Juliet." At left, with her conductor, Pelletier, and her Romeo, Armand Tokatyan, at Canadian premiere. At right, in *Juliet* costume designed by Adrian. Below, "Met" star Lauritz Melchior expresses interest in the song Capt. Raymond wrote and dedicated to his wife.



"You DIDN'T KNOW MY ADDRESS"

It doesn't matter whether you're a famous movie and opera star, or the woman next door—you're sisters under the skin in wartime if your man is in the service, as this poignant story proves

By Gladys Hall

(We were having after-dinner coffee, Jeanette, Captain Gene Raymond and I, in the panelled library of the New York apartment Jeanette was renting from Mrs. Edgar Selwyn while she coached for her debut in opera. On bookshelves and tables were silver-framed pictures of Mrs. Selwyn's Hollywood friends; our friends, too—Clark Gable, Nelson Eddy, Jimmy Stewart, Bob Taylor, Bob Montgomery, others. Familiar faces, all of them, giving us a sense of being in-Hollywood again, in the days when Jeanette and Gene were at home in Bel-Air, Gene working at RKO, Jeanette and Nelson co-starring in one picture after another at M-G-M, Clark, Jimmy and the two Bobs on the M-G-M lot, too. A pattern of days and ways that had seemed destined, we said, to go on indefinitely. And now here was Jeanette, no longer with M-G-M, no longer co-starring with Nelson but, instead, 3000 miles from home, preparing for a new career. And here was Gene, Captain Gene Raymond of the Army Air Forces, back from ten months overseas with the Bomber Command and saying, "Hollywood seems very far away and long ago, and almost unreal. Why, there are people in pictures now I never heard of." And tragedy, and war, have so changed Gable's life that nothing of what it was, remains. And Jimmy, the two Bobs and their comrades among the stars, now comrades in arms, where are they?)



"EVERYTHING is different," Jeanette was saying, speaking for the three of us, "nothing is as it was. Nothing at all." And then, her words addressed to the three of us, but her eyes on Gene (blond and sleek and handsome in uniform) so that somehow, though without any sense of being excluded, I had the feeling that they were talking alone, were reliving this past two years of change and strangeness; trying, perhaps, to understand it a little better. Jeanette said:

"I had my hunch long before Pearl Harbor, Gene, did you know? You had been to visit your brother at Fort Ord, remember? You came home full of war talk. Quite suddenly, we stopped talking pictures, yours or mine. Quite suddenly, the things that had been so important to both of us were not so important any more. You didn't, I noticed, have time for writing songs. We didn't play and sing together as we had used to do. I had the feeling, then, that you were beginning to be alienated from our world."

"But do you know what really prepared me for what was to come? It was when I asked you what you wanted for Christmas and you said, at first, as a man always says, 'I don't know, there's nothing I need' and then, when I pressed the point you said 'Give me an identification tag.' Sort of a horrifying present, I thought. I thought, too, 'This is his way of warning me.' So—I gave you an identification tag. As you know, I had a jeweller remove the stones from my engagement ring and from the dinner ring you had given me and used the platinum for the disc. I thought, 'Now he will always have something of us with him.' (Gene held up his wrist and the disc glittered in the lamplight.) Jeanette laughed, not too gaily. "Small comfort," she said, "but it is amazing what big comforts small ones can be, these days . . ."

"And then, do you recall, I was going to give some concerts for the A.W.V.S. and you went to Washington to attend the President's Ball. When you came back all your talk was of how best to get more flying hours than you had had. I didn't know, of course, that while you were in Washington you had spent most of your time inquiring as to what branch of service (Please turn to page 70)



A day with Dale. Up early, and anxious to get to the studio for her first screen rôle.

Golden

Charlie McCarthy's "radio sweetheart" is in movies now



This youngster, native of the Lone Star State like Ann Sheridan, started out after schooldays as a stenographer. But her boss heard her singing while she worked, and at his suggestion she applied for an audition at a Dallas radio station and won a spot on a show. After four years in radio she became the songstress on Edgar Bergens' radio program. Then—Hollywood.



Another Texas beauty crashes Hollywood!



On her day off—practice at the piano, and some kittenish fun in the summer sun.

Girl

Dale Evans will sing, etc., in Republic's "West Side Kid"



In "West Side Kid" Dale is in the good company of Henry Hull and Don Barry. Republic thinks she's a Pin Up possibility. How 'about it?





Ann Sheridan

Franz Werfel's book comes to the screen with all its tender beauty intact. Exclusive fictionization of the new photoplay starring Jennifer Jones

Fictionized by
Elizabeth
B. Petersen

The Song of Bernadette

LONG years afterwards there would be that long procession in Rome to do her honor, with cardinals coming from the four corners of the earth to pay homage to this new saint. The bells of three hundred churches would ring the ending of the solemn ceremony of canonization and silver trumpets would peal the triumphant climax of the song of Bernadette, that song which began so faintly in Lourdes more than seventy-five years before.

There was nothing to set Bernadette Soubirous apart from her school-mates that raw winter morning, unless it was her poverty. In all of Lourdes no family was more desolate than the one fathered by Francois Soubirous, once a self-respecting miller, now under the compulsion of adversity relegated to do odd jobs about the town and living in the house



Copyright
1943
by
20th
Century-Fox



Jennifer Jones makes her movie début in the great rôle of *Bernadette*, the peasant girl destined for glory. She appears in scene above with Ann Revere, playing her mother.



The book by Franz Werfel has been reverently translated into cinema terms. It will be one of the most discussed motion pictures of all time.

that had once been a prison. Cold and damp, it had been judged not good enough for thieves and murderers, but for Francois and his family it would have to do.

She could scarcely be called beautiful, Bernadette, unless it was for her eyes so wide and thoughtful, full of the dreams that sprang instinctively from her gentle heart. They had that dreamy wandering look now as Sister Vauzous questioned the class from the catechism. There were so many things Bernadette didn't know, so many things she was afraid she would never know. It seemed so useless to pay attention when she always forgot so soon anyway.

"What is the Holy Trinity?" Sister Vauzous turned to Bernadette. And as the girl stared at her in that calm, almost apathetic way her voice sharpened. "Didn't you hear me?" she asked.

"Yes, I did, Sister," the girl said quietly. "But I know nothing about it."

"You puzzle me, my child." The nun tried her best to subdue her annoyance, but it was difficult dealing with this girl. "Are you pert, indifferent, or only stupid?"

"I'm stupid, Sister." The simple statement could almost pass for mockery. "I have a poor head for study."





Charles Bickford, in scene above with Jennifer Jones, plays an important rôle in this moving screen story. Cast and credits given on page 73.

"You are also pert," Sister Vauzous said crisply. "You're a grown girl, Bernadette, the oldest in the class. Ignorance of the Holy Trinity is inexcusable. Go to the foot of the class." Then as she saw the other Soubirous girl raise her hand timidly her mouth tightened. "What is it, Marie?" she asked.

Marie was the younger of the two sisters but she seemed the older one.

"Bernadette was sick the day we learned about the Holy Trinity." She sounded like a mother pleading for her child. "She misses school a lot because of her asthma. She can't breathe. She—"

Marie stopped, overcome with confusion as the Dean of Lourdes came into the classroom. He was a giant of a man, Marie Dominique Peyramale, and a man of great wisdom. He was kindly, too, and warm and understanding. But because of his great height and the awe surrounding his exalted position the townspeople were a bit frightened of him.

"Good morning, Sister Marie Therese," he boomed in that deep voice of his. "Good morning, children. I was passing by so I thought I would drop in and find out how many are preparing for First Communion."

"Six, Your Reverence. We were just having a review of our catechism." (Please turn to page 72)





Roddy Mc Dowall's

UTAH



(Editor's Note: Recently, Roddy McDowall returned from a personal appearance tour during which he talked before large audiences at schools, banquets, civic affairs. He visited 18 cities, made speeches for the Red Cross, for recruiting WAACS and WAVES, and appeared at crippled children's hospitals. Not the least of his accomplishments was his personal selling of over \$11,000,000 in War Bonds. This is his own diary of his tour written especially for Screenland.)

Saturday, March 20: I'm looking forward to this trip across the country in connection with "My Friend Flicka." Mummy and I went to the station in a studio car. My sister, Virginia, followed us with her Marine, Gordon Maynard. Vee sure thinks he's the last word. On the way, we picked up Mrs. Nelson, my teacher. I still have to study every day, trip or no trip. But I don't mind. Said good-bye to Vee and we left on the train for Dallas, Texas. I went into the dining room right away. I was sure hungry! Went to bed early.

Sunday, March 21: Stopped off at Tucson to look around. I bought some post-cards. I'm going to buy these cards in each city I visit so I'll know something about America when I'm through. We are on the last car and it's a 19 car train. At



DALLAS



PITTSBURGH

American Diary

Roddy discovers America!
An account of
his unique tour
in the British
boy star's own
words

As told to Jack Holland

8:40 tonight we got off at El Paso, Texas, where our car number 64 was to be transferred. Mummy sent some telegrams and I bought some more cards. Sent one to Vee. We thought we had plenty of time, since the train was supposed to be in the station for half an hour. About twenty minutes later, we walked out on the station platform and asked the station master when car 64 would be leaving. He pointed to a car on a train that had just left and said, "That's car 64—the last one." Mummy almost blew up. She said, "It can't be. That's impossible." The man then told her that he worked for the railroad and should know. Mummy still insisted it was a mistake. Poor Mummy. She was so tired and nervous. We argued for a little and then a Mr. Harris drove us 15 miles to (Please turn to page 80)



Screenland Honor Page

Don't call him "the new Mickey Rooney"! Donald O'Connor rates applause in his own right as the exuberant young star of "Mr. Big"



Donald is no over-night sensation. The closeup above shows him at the age of ten when he appeared in "Tom Sawyer, Detective." He'll be eighteen soon. Below, with Gloria Jean in Universal's "Mr. Big," his first starring picture. Don's "solid" and a steamin' demon, but though he sure is hep to this jive stuff, he's not just a jitterbug; he is a smooth, versatile performer with a sly, refreshing sense of humor.



Of course the younger fans cheer the O'Connor gymnastics with hep-cat Peggy Ryan, at right. He represents the gay, carefree American youth as yet untouched by wartime demands. But like his young fellow-Americans he carries conviction that when called upon, these lads will come through.





Charles Boyer and producer-director Howard Hawks have formed a million dollar corporation with 20-year-old Ella Raines as their sole asset. A recent graduate of the University of Washington, Ella was chosen to co-star with Randolph Scott in "Corvette K 225," U's naval warfare epic officially sanctioned by the Canadian Government. Also appearing in the new film is James Brown, who made his first hit in "Air Force."



TWO WHO ARE *NEW*

New girl in movie town is Ella Raines, who makes screen debut in "Corvette K 225," Universal's saga of the Royal Canadian Navy. Good-looking new juvenile is Jim Brown



“**SO PROUDLY
WE HAIL**”

Paulette gets her face dirty, Claudette gets all mussed up, Veronica puts her famous tresses on top of her head as the three girls star in the powerful drama of heroic Army nurses. With Paulette in scene at top center is newcomer Sonny Tufts, seen again with Claudette and George Reeves, playing soldiers in the film. Veronica, at right, does a bit of clowning with the manual of arms between scenes. Veronica's outfit, however, is the McCoy, because the Bataan nurses wore faded and patched coveralls like these in action.





Glamor takes a beating when Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert, and Veronica Lake portray Bataan nurses with vigor and realism in Paramount's new film of heroic history in the making



George Enjoys His Work

The moody Mr. Sanders relaxes for new role in "Appointment In Berlin," with Marguerite Chapman as good influence



Doubtless due to soothing influence of pretty Miss Chapman, George discovers acting can be fun, and even unbends to the extent of posing for "gag" pictures—see above, and at right. The distinguished gentleman with George at lower right is his 74-year-old dad, who makes his screen début playing real-life rôle of his own son's father in Columbia's film.



Little Miss Victory

Deanna Durbin
plays a war
plant worker
in latest film,
"Hers To Hold"



Deanna's new picture for Universal presents her as one of the many American girls serving their country in coveralls, briskly businesslike on the job but strictly feminine outside factory hours. Joe Cotten, most "in demand" leading man in Hollywood, is seen opposite the star—note the scene at left.





Sonja minus skates? Certainly! Her big number for new picture, "Winter Time," is a dance with Cesar Romero. (She's still ice queen in other numbers, though)



On the Set with SONJA

At right, reading from top, Sonja and welcome visitor on "Winter Time" set at 20th Century-Fox studios: her husband, Capt. Dan Topping, USMC. With her mother, and pet pooch, in her dressing room; closeup with her new leading man, Cornel Wilde; and a conference with director Archie Mayo, Mrs. Henie, and Jack Oakie regarding her next scene.



Irene

Designs

Gracious-Lady Fashions



The smartest women in the film colony always went to Irene for their suits. Then M-G-M signed the noted designer to create clothes for their productions exclusively, and Mary Astor is just one of the many lucky stars to profit thereby. At right, new wool suit in cocoa brown combined with beige. Gold chains looped from buttons give military touch to vest front of semi-fitted jacket. Beret and bag are of the suit materials.

Another Irene suit is the classic double-breasted model worn by Miss Astor at top left. Of blended checks in beige and brown, it has a spray of golden wheat worn through a slash in the breast pocket. The dress worn by the star at top right is plum crepe with loops of matching satin used for the wide neckline bow and apron effect. The straight skirt is slit from below apron to hemline to reveal a satin underskirt.



Hollywood's famous Irene has created these exclusive costumes for Mary Astor to wear in M-G-M's "Young Ideas"—clothes of grace and dignity which emphasize fact that film fashions have, at long last, come of age

Photos by Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M



Mary Astor, who is featured with Herbert Marshall and Susan Peters in M-G-M's new picture about the private lives of college professors and their wives and families, is well suited with the classic tailor of grey flannel striped in lighter shade, as shown above. Top left, Irene has designed a smart hostess pajama suit of black wool crepe with sleeveless tunic and white crepe blouse in the Russian manner for Miss Astor's rôle in new film, "Young Ideas."

No longer does Hollywood's fashion standard rise or fall by its glittering glamor clothes. Today an astute designer such as Irene keeps in mind the mature woman and her clothes problem, as well as the deb and sub-deb departments, and the result is a well-balanced fashion program which includes such dignified and charming costumes as these. Left, hostess gown of beige silk jersey with cuffs of sable-dyed marten.



No better denial of a rift in Fontaine-Aherne family could be entered than photo at left above, with Joan using Brian's back for a desk to make script changes at Screen Guild broadcast. Center, the ever-lovin' Don Ameches. Right above, Basil Rathbone and Reggie Gardiner try to talk Olivia de Havilland and June Lang out of a snack at the Hollywood Canteen, but it won't work. All food and fun is strictly for the service men; all work for the stars.



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East

Candid by Jean Duval

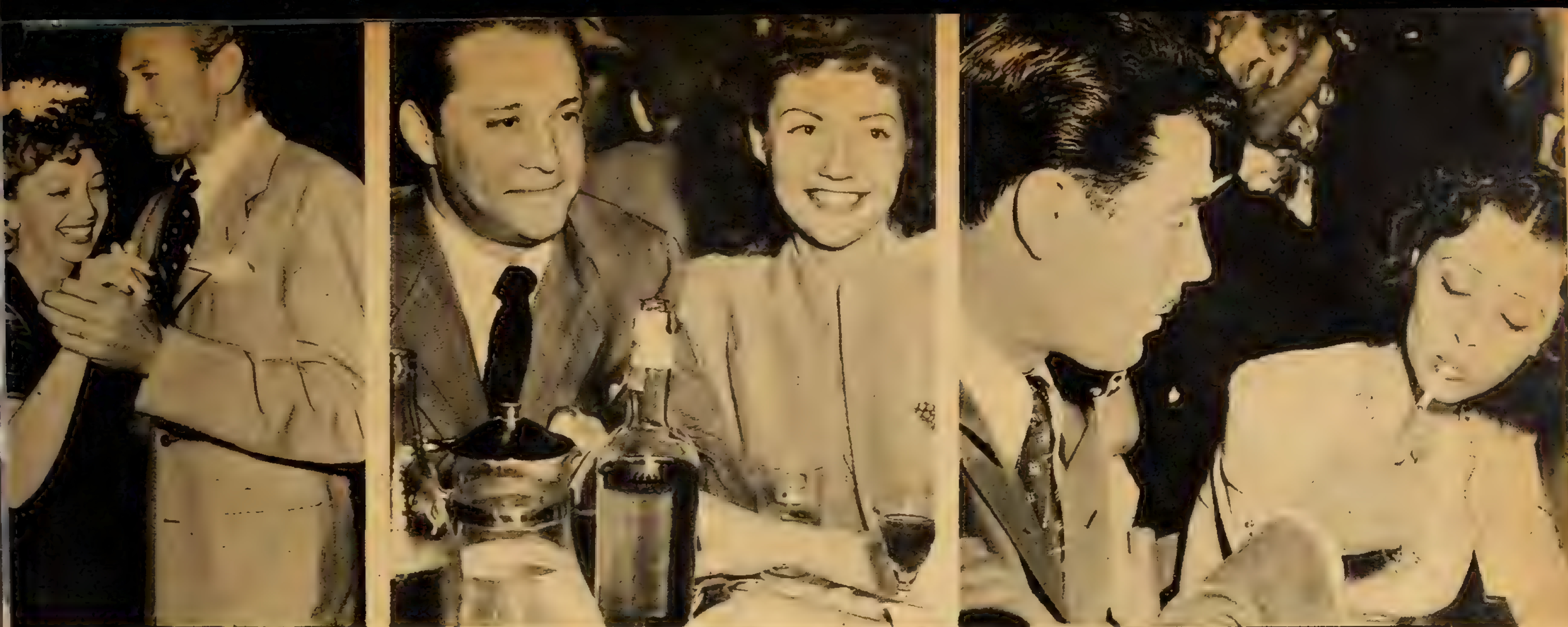
Cary Grant, "Mr. Lucky," presents with a big grin just a few of the batch of records he gave to soldiers after a broadcast.

THIS proves the far-reaching effects of malicious gossip. Up until the time a commentator announced that the John Waynes were divorcing, there wasn't one chance in a million that it would happen. Everyone in Hollywood seemed to know a different "inside" story. The pressure eventually hit the Wayne household. Suddenly, so much importance was given to things that eventually would have smoothed themselves out that the inevitable happened. Close friends feel this is only a trial separation. The Waynes are family people and love their home and children too much to act hastily.

WHEN Ann Sothern married Bob Sterling she didn't have to change a single monogram. Following an emergency appendectomy Bob was given a three weeks' sick leave. Ann was working in "Cry Havoc," so it wasn't much of a honeymoon. But those two are radiantly happy. The girls on the set gave Ann a ration shower. She got butter, coffee, sugar. Bob gave his bride a three-band ring. The two outside ones are gold, the center one of diamonds. Believe it or not, they've already selected the first two names for the future generation of Sterlings!

CURRENT rumors: that Ida Lupino is divorcing Louis Hayward; that Ida and Louis are expecting a baby; that Ida is retiring from the screen and becoming a war nurse; that Ida is adopting twins. The answer to them all, to quote Ida, is "Nertz."

PAUL HENREID in his newest rôle of "father" is really a sight to behold. The newly adopted daughter has been christened Monica Henreid. Paul carries a money clip that opens up and discloses two pictures of the baby. Yes, he'll be glad to show it to you—even if you don't ask him!



JOEL McCREA doesn't need a personal press agent as long as Gary Cooper is around. Now you know Gary isn't exactly the "buddy" type who goes around back-slapping and carrying on long-winded conversations. But practically to everyone who will listen, Gary says, "Have you seen Joel in 'The More The Merrier?' He's wonderful in it. It's a great picture."

BILL LUNDIGAN became a leatherneck on his birthday. A nice present from M-G-M was the renewal of his contract. He goes back to work the day it's all over.

THE Walter Langs' farewell party for Cesar Romero was really a send-off. Instead of hiring an orchestra, the Langs hired their instruments. Then the hams went to work. Ann Sothorn played the piano, Jack Benny the violin, Fred MacMurray at the saxophone, Andy Devine at the cello and Annabella played the traps—darn good she was, too. A sign over the door of the living room read as follows: "If this party bores you, why don't you step inside and write a letter to Captain Gable, Private Payne, Lieut. Power and Private Sterling." Just wait until the boys get *those* letters!

Above: Bruce Cabot of Uncle Sam's Army Air Forces, Ann Sheridan, and Mickey Rooney make up threesome at Mocambo. No romance for Bruce and Ann, just good friends, while Mickey is said to be still carrying the torch for Ava. Top of page: whoever said Gary Cooper was just a strong, silent man? When Gary does get off a nifty it's a good one, as Mary Livingstone Benny's smile will testify. Center, looks like real love with lovely Lynn Bari and test pilot Sid Luft. Top right, here's the lucky gal who is Mrs. James Craig, with hubby at Mocambo. Jim isn't so unlucky, either.

THE arrival of the stork at the home of Teresa Wright is no longer a possibility. The little star has been very ill almost from the time she expected the baby. Naturally, she is grieved and shocked at the turn in events. She needs a long rest before she will be well enough to make pictures again. In the meantime she has the heartfelt good wishes of her many fans and Hollywood friends.

HAD Conrad Veidt lived, he would have been John Loder's best man. As it was, John and his Hedy were married in the home of Lily Veidt, Conrad's widow. Wise, sophisticated, humorous is John Loder. He knows Hedy is much more important as far as careers are concerned. Every morning when he isn't working, John drives Hedy to her studio. They go right through the gate without a hitch. John deposits Hedy at her dressing room and drives out again. Then he is always stopped and questioned. After several mornings of telling them his name was Loder, John's humor got the best of him. The next day he drove right through with Hedy, two minutes later on his way out was stopped and asked his name. "My name is Lamarr," he said drily. "Mr. Hedy Lamarr." "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Lamarr," said the gateman. "Please excuse me for stopping you!"

THE Westmores are at it again. All within two weeks' time, Perc took on wife number four. She's Margaret Donovan, former assistant to Perc and Bette Davis' close friend. Rosemary Lane gave Buddy Westmore the gate, decided she still loved him and now they're trying it again. Well, at least there's never a dull moment in the house of Westmore!

WHO says glamor girls can't be friends? Evidently Katharine Hepburn and Garbo are enjoying those tennis games they play together. They play often. Too bad a few more of our cinema sisters can't forget to be rivals. Surprising, isn't it—how much so many have and what little fun they get out of it.

BY THE time this reaches print, Richard Carlson will be in the Navy. Being a family man, it wasn't compulsory for him to go at this time. But he wanted to do his duty and felt that he could. M-G-M asked if there was anything they could do for him before he left. "Yes, there is," Richard answered. "I never did get to see Garbo in 'Camille.' Could you run it for me?" They could and did.

GEORGE SANDERS does a pretty good job of insulting the ladies. But you never could get Brenda Marshall to admit it. The first day she worked with him, after a scene George threw up his hands and shouted, "At last an actress!" When he learned Brenda was expecting Bill Holden's baby, George couldn't have been more solicitous. He raised Cain when they allowed Brenda to drive up to location. Once there he insisted they get her a couch to rest on between scenes. We always suspected he was an ol' softy underneath it all.

RKO is paying a pretty penny for Olivia de Havilland's services in "Government Girl." All of which makes this story more amusing. They wouldn't allow Olivia to park her car on the lot. When she took it across the street to the studio parking places, they wouldn't let her on because an okay hadn't come through. So Olivia drove next door and parked on the Paramount lot where she is known!

AFTER ten years of married life, the Charles Boyers are expecting the stork. Weston East found the famous Frenchman lunching alone on the patio of The Players. He sat in the very center. Every feminine eye in the place was glued on him. Charles ate on, completely oblivious to it all. When we congratulated him, with that twinkle in his eye he said, "Don't you think it's about time?"

TOO bad some of those who handle Ingrid Bergman are giving her the red carpet treatment. The star herself is simple, sincere and completely without artifice. She doesn't ask for it, so why make her unapproachable? Amusing why she couldn't work one day in "Saratoga Trunk." A cold affected her vocal chords in such a manner that her Swedish accent came back! On *Cleo*, the French girl she was portraying, it wasn't so becoming!

WALTER LANG, top director at 20th, has real cause to be proud. Mr. Mayer sent for Walter's "Coney Island." According to our informant, it was run for M-G-M producers as a perfect example to follow when making musicals. After this one Betty Grable should be the hottest thing in opera lengths. The very day they finished shooting, Betty was on the train heading for New York and Harry James.

Below: Candid camera cross-section of Hollywood in action, with Penny Singleton leading the parade, below, with husband Major Robert Sparks, after a recent broadcast of the program for service men, "Mail Call." Then the devoted Bob Youngs out for a festive evening, at opening of comedian Joe Lewis at Ciro's night club. There's Al Jolson, who is about to star in his own autobiography for Columbia Pictures, with one of the "Cover Girls." Lower left, Groucho Marx registering bliss as Fay McKenzie and Carole Landis shower him with kisses.



Another Pond's Bride-to-Be
BARBARA HODGES
of Rutherford, N.J., engaged
to Robert Greacen
U.S. Army Air Corps

BARBARA'S RING—is a beautiful clear solitaire, with two small diamonds set in platinum on either side.



A WAR-TRAINED map reader and engineering "draftsman," charming blonde Barbara Hodges is *working*—not just waiting—for the return of her aviator fiancé.

You'd never guess Barbara spends hours at a drafting board daily—her clear, blonde skin looks so fresh and sweet, so beautifully cared for. "Pond's Cold Cream is what makes my complexion happy," she says. "It does *such* nice clean, soft things for my face after a hard day's work—I just adore it!"

This is Barbara's *soft-smooth skin care*:

SHE SMOOTHS on cool, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream and *pats* its lovely softening moistness all over her face and throat with brisk little pats, to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with *more* Pond's Cold Cream—swirling her cream-coated fingertips around in little spiral whirls. This second creaming is to make her skin *extra specially* clean and soft. Then, she tissues off again.



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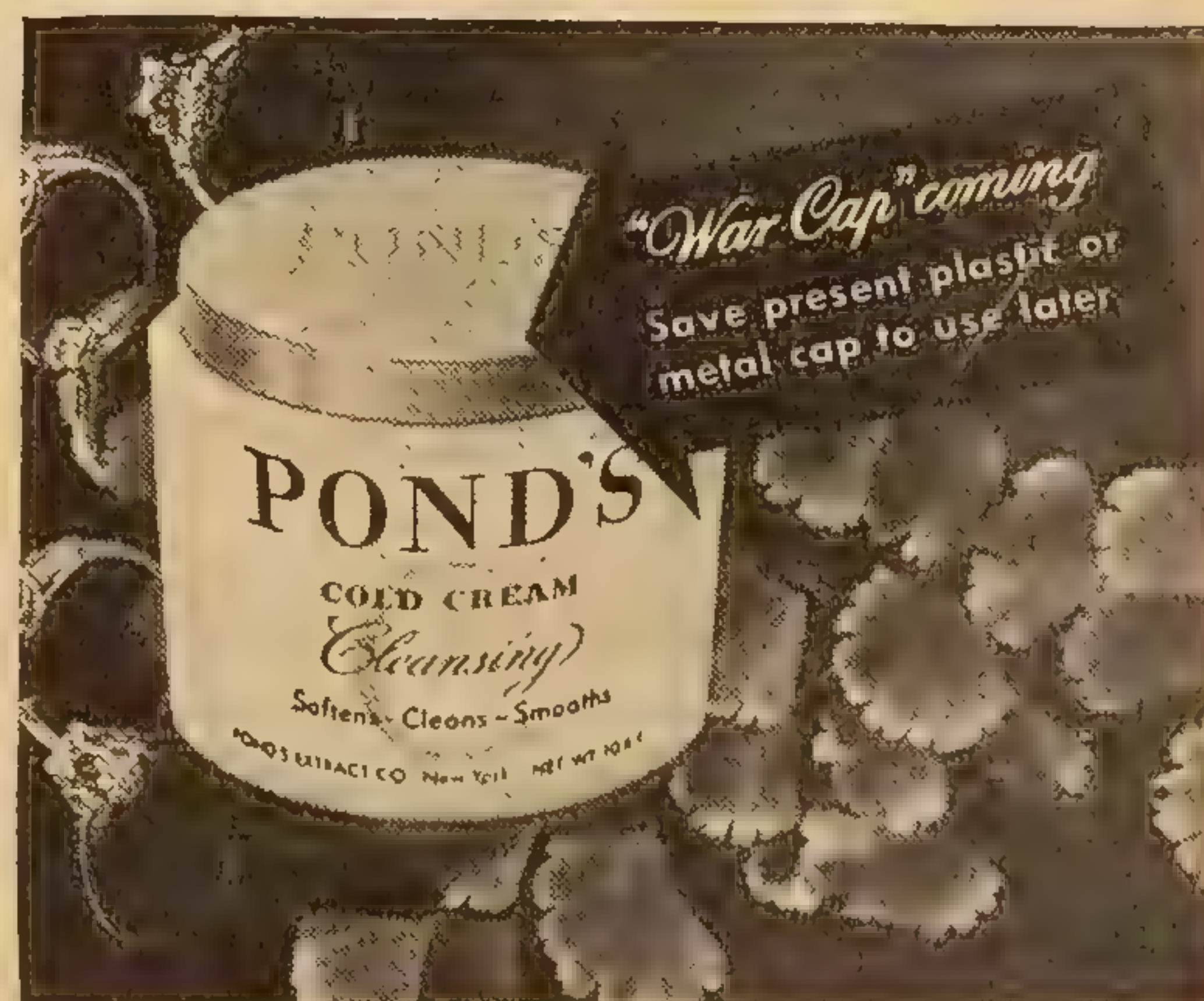
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Yes—it's *no accident* lovely engaged girls like Barbara Hodges... and society's most noted beauties like Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart and Britain's Lady Kinross prefer Pond's to any other creams. Buy a lovely big jar of Pond's Cold Cream now.



Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



PRETTY GUIDE to two French sailors from the French-American Club. "C'est magnifique" the boys exclaim gazing up at the Rockefeller Center buildings in New York. And—"Elle est charmante" they chorus about Barbara's typical American loveliness.



"Don't you know the calendar's bluffing?"

SMILE, young lady...for crying won't help when menstrual pain comes just in time to upset plans or interfere with pleasure.

Yes, smile and take heart. Most of the time, the calendar is *bluffing*. Much of your pain may be needless. The headache and blues unnecessary. *How unnecessary* you can prove by trying Midol!

Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special care, Midol should give you quick, effective relief, for it acts in three ways to save you functional pain and discomfort. An *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases the typical spasmodic pain. Another ingredient soothes menstrual headache. And a third lifts your blues—gives faster, more thorough comfort.

There are no opiates in Midol, so try it confidently. Ask for Midol now at your nearest drugstore and be ready, another month, to keep going in comfort!



MIDOL

Relieves Functional Menstrual Suffering

MENSTRUAL HEADACHE
DEPRESSION
TYPICAL SPASMODIC PAIN

Mature Men Better Lovers?

Continued from page 24

"should know how to approach his sweetheart, how to take her in his arms, how to kiss her. Also, he should understand the rhythm and tempo of movement. So, an actor must acquaint himself with these pictorial values before attempting to make love before an audience. Many a scene has evoked laughter because the hero grabbed the girl ungracefully, crushed her shoulders in an awkward caress, and by delaying the kiss beyond anticipation. Or by rushing it. There's no manual on acting, one must learn by *acting*, and this is a life-time job. I marvel at our young players. They get so little chance for real acting, a few hours at most, during a picture. Yet because of a feel for drama, and a determination, they often come through with splendid performances.

"We have so much talent in Hollywood, and someday the studios will develop it by presenting their own stage plays. This means weeks of rehearsing and hard work in gaining perfection, but the results will be glorious, and the screen will gain immeasurably—especially in smoother technique in romantic scenes."

Humphrey Bogart's "love affair" with Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca" has raised the gangster into the romantic realm, but Bogey side-steps all such honors.

"Love scenes!" exploded Humphrey, but with a grin. "You're talking to the wrong person. I hate 'em! Always have. Remember me? I'm the guy who hates dames! As far as I'm concerned, this love stuff is just part of this business. I'm glad when they're finished. I try to play them the way the character I am portraying would play them. That's highly important. The director establishes this. Do I get into a 'mood' beforehand? Are you kiddin'? How could I with from fifty to a hundred people standing around the set watching me!"

"An actor interprets love scenes according to directions, just the same as any other scene the script calls for; and of course, like everything you do, the more experience you have the better you will do it. But I say, when it comes to playing love scenes, you're talking to the wrong fellow. I don't live 'em, I just work at 'em. In the movies, I mean!"

The fascinating Paul Henreid, whose love scenes are famous for sincerity and charm—even to lighting the two cigarettes as a symbol of romance, as viewed in "Now, Voyager," with Bette Davis, has become film-land's idol. He gaily brushes this aside, reminding us that as an actor it is his business to portray the emotions of the heart.

"Usually," explained Paul, "one becomes an actor because he has a surplus of pent-up emotions struggling for expression. But it takes years of experience for him to learn what the art of acting means. Taking over a different personality, probing this man's inner thoughts, even for a brief fling in a drama, requires a very deep understanding.

"Love is the most precious thing in life, it is the inspiration that makes living the glorious adventure it is. And it is as important to men as to women. That is why our dramas, our love scenes should be given a strong vitality, so they may appeal to the masculine as well as to the feminine audience. At heart, men are sentimentalists. Here in America, where love is placed on a high standard, and where romance and marriage are synonymous, this is particularly true.

"Admitting that love is the same the world over, we recognize that environment

influences its expression. An actor must study reactions, and he must have a sure technique if he is to catch and relay the subtle shadings of a man's love life. There's a chemistry of human emotions that can do fantastic things, and every rôle presents new problems.

"Romantic scenes are difficult," added Paul, "only because they are so significant. They must be honest and convincing. Oddly enough, a man's true character, his personal ideals, are revealed in his reactions to love."

With an amused smile, Otto Kruger said, "I'll admit that love scenes are a bit embarrassing—even to experienced players. Especially on the screen, because we frequently meet our heroine for the first time as the love scene is starting. In real life the vital spark may flash instantaneously, but the actor is merely simulating emotions, and the imagination must be set in motion before they can be projected with realism.

"I'd say that in picture-making the director and technicians do the love scenes for you. The pictorial quality is so important that lights and camera angles draw first consideration. It is disconcerting in the middle of a kiss to have the director sing out, 'Turn your head to the right, the lights are hitting your nose.' Or 'Hi, there, lift your chin! Looks as if it's cut in two.' These faults being remedied, we begin all over again. This may go on for a dozen rehearsals until the scene is wholly mechanical, and you've lost what emotion you started out with.

"Guess I'm old-fashioned in my thoughts about love scenes—to me they should be worshipful, gentle. Too, I like the accompaniment of music and moonlight. But this requires old-fashioned drama and today we have few of them. In this jitterbug era, the younger element in the audience is impatient for the grab and take of the climax, so a different technique is required.

"Of course," grinned Otto, "love scenes are thrilling—don't let anyone tell you they're not! Could a man be an eloquent lover if he is too casual? Actors become experts at simulating synthetic emotions. However, to the sensitive person there may come the spell of real passion that is set into motion through the repeated emotional provocation. For a fleeting interval, the spark may strike real fire. But alas, it dies down the minute the scene ends, for it has no foundation.

"Young cinema lovers might easily be over-influenced by all these romantic qualities, and if they are, they ruin their scenes. This is why the seasoned actor can portray love and its romantic accompaniments with more conviction than youth, whose feelings are whipping him in all directions.

"Of course," he added, "I always fall in love with my leading lady—for the duration! Oh yes, I confessed this failing to my wife when I married her but it didn't seem to alarm her. Now, after some years, she still refuses to be alarmed. A bit disappointing, isn't it?"

Charles Boyer, with his mysterious personality, his smoldering eyes and caressing voice, is the personification of Romance, and his love scenes have thrilled feminine hearts of all ages. Yet he's a non-touch lover, with few demonstrations and fewer kisses. He projects an emotional warmth that is revealed gradually—step by step, and thus gains terrific power.

Edmund Goulding, the director, once said, "A kiss has no accent. When an actor can make love like Charles Boyer,



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BE AT YOUR BEST

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

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That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

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which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

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GUARD AGAINST "SCALP ODOR"

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For remember that your scalp perspires, too, and the hair absorbs unpleasant odors. Check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

It's easy to be on the safe side. Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It's especially good for oily hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

This gentle shampoo cleanses thoroughly. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears—leaving your scalp clean and fresh. Don't be afraid of a "nasal close-up". Start the Packers habit tonight. You can get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



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3-way action helps fade freckles, surface pimples, loosens blackheads, too!

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he doesn't need to talk. It helps—but it isn't necessary!"

Charles believes the mature man, say around forty, has a deeper comprehension of love and its significance, than at any other period. He has learned through living, the real depth of this emotion—its joys, its sacrifices, even its bitter sting. So, as an actor, he has the ability of spanning time, making romance glow with a radiant warmth that is more satisfying than the explosive tactics of youth, with its unbridled intensity. Every experience is enriching. Without emotions life could never form its glorious pattern.

"The reason I do not like visitors on the set when I'm making a love scene," Boyer explained, "is because through concentration I actually feel I am the person I am playing. I do not want to have this emotional thread broken, to be brought back to my own identity. Love is the all-important thing in real life, also in the world of art. This is what I try to bring into my acting."

"I'm not the Romeo type," chuckled blond Joseph Cotten, who is youngish in years, but experienced in acting. "While I played romantic rôles on the stage as part of my many chores, my cinema love has been cramped into mere suggestions, never hotly portrayed. In fact, I'm having my first real film love scenes in 'Hers to Hold' with Deanna Durbin. To add a punch to this dramatic event, our initial scene was an amorous episode, very fervent, and—with kisses! We had just met. The humor hit us and thus broke the ice, if there was any."

"To create a romantic scene, to give it the burning quality that causes it to linger in the memory of the audience, the actor must be familiar with the entire emotional scale, for this is the instrument on which he plays his drama."

"All this isn't casually plucked from the air. It comes through developing the imagination to a high degree—by acting, and then more acting. Naturally, one thus technically equipped has the advantage. When an inexperienced player makes a success it should be hailed as an achievement. Or perhaps, a beautiful mistake!"

"The camera creates a peculiar intimacy between actor and audience, and the close-

up exaggerates each detail. Not only must one act and speak like a lover, but he must think and look ardent, too.

"Someone once said that acting was 90% thinking, 10% feeling. An actor must never let his real emotions become confused with the synthetic. I'm not in sympathy with that vague school which insists the player must actually live his rôle. Nonsense! Acting is *simulating* emotions. You don't have to go out and kill a man to portray a murderer. Perhaps everyone is a potential killer, and if the right series of circumstances caught him, some of our best saints would draw a gun. My rôle of *Uncle Charlie* in 'Shadow of a Doubt,' had a good excuse—he had been hit on the head!"

"I recall my first love scene. It was on the stage, and during rehearsals the director would say, 'When you speak this line, kiss her.' Or 'Here you put your arm around her and gaze into her eyes.' But we never did all this, and when the final dress rehearsal came, the girl and I were embarrassed and didn't know what to do. One should always go through every bit of business in rehearsals, so as to become familiar with every point."

"Sure, love scenes are exciting," Joe added. "But so are all scenes—to the actor. All he wants is to get the chance to act, and act, and ACT!"

Wallace Beery boasts of many love scenes during his thirty years before the cameras. "Of course," admits Wally, "I have my own technique. Guess I started developing it in my very first picture. I yearned to be the handsome hero, but I wasn't, and being young and awfully green about romance, I was scared stiff. My emotions jittered all around the place. I grabbed the girl, gave her a bear hug and a smack that took her breath away. I was so astonished with the thrill of my success that I've gone on treatin' them rough. You know, the kind that's 'terrific' with intensity."

"Yes, young players have a tough time mastering the art of love scenes before the cameras. I've watched dozens of them and they never succeed until they learn to leash their emotions. In the meantime, we older experts take all the glory, and all the bows."

"I've heard that women like the primitive, the masterful lover. Well, that's me!"

"This Is The Army"

Continued from page 21

began to look for singers, dancers, actors and comedians who were in the Army. That is how I came to be a member of "This Is the Army," a show that was to be produced for Army Emergency Relief.

I rehearsed songs and dances and sketches under the direction of a drill sergeant who had formerly been a Broadway director. I learned lyrics to new Berlin tunes, such as *I Left My Heart At the Stage Door Canteen*, *This Is The Army*, *Mr. Jones*, *I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep*, and *American Eagles*, along with many others that were destined to be on the Hit Parade for months.

I lived in tents and barracks at Camp Upton until it was time to bring the show to New York. I opened on the night of July 4th, 1942, and "This Is The Army" was a smash hit. Originally the show was intended to run only four weeks, but public demand for seats was so tremendous that the Army decided to continue the run another month. When that month was over, another month was scheduled. The public could not get enough of "This Is The Army."

After three months' run in New York, the Army heeded the pleas of theater-goers all over the country and sent "This Is The Army" on tour. The show opened in Washington in September, and in the second week of its run, a command performance was given for President Roosevelt. The Commander-in-Chief liked the show, and invited me and the 349 others in the cast to midnight supper at the White House the following Friday night. There I met President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopkins, and Robert E. Sherwood. I had dinner at the White House, and had a chat with Mrs. Roosevelt, who told me how much she liked the show.

While on tour I did all the regular military jobs that belong to a soldier. Four times a week I drilled with the rest of the company, for three hour periods, on the nearest open field. I ran the company organization that the Army requires from a Provisional Task Force of 350 men, and backstage, I took orders from two stage managers who were sergeants. Out front, the orchestra was conducted by a master

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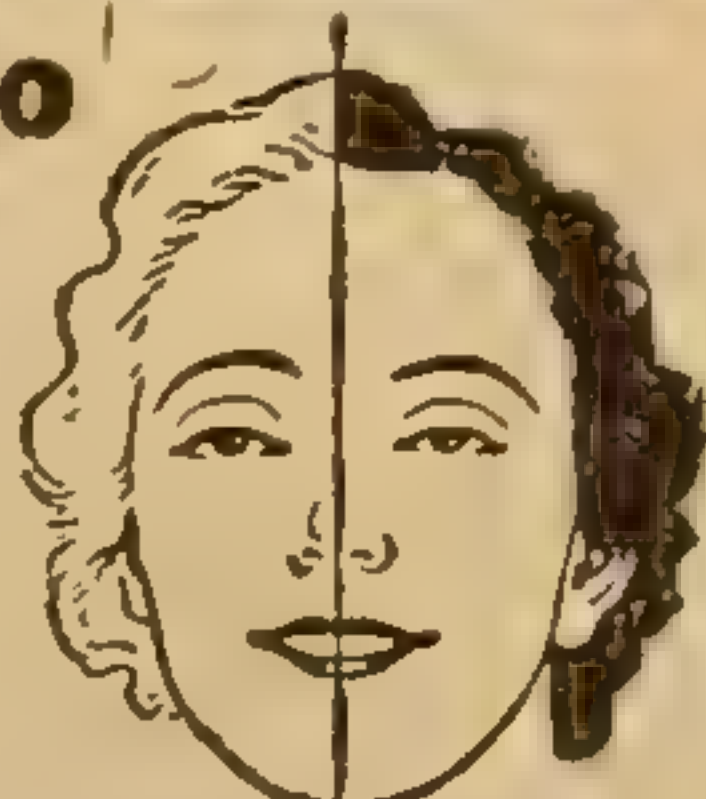
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sergeant, and the dances were directed by another master sergeant.

Following the Washington run, I played engagements in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The proceeds of this tour, plus the gross from the New York run, added to the sum of \$250,000 paid by Warner Brothers Pictures for the film rights to "This Is The Army," made a grand total of over \$2,000,000 which the show raised for Army Emergency Relief. I made an album of records, and it also contributed royalties to the Fund, as well as the royalties from the smash song hits which Mr. Berlin contributed to Army Emergency Relief.

In February, 1943, I arrived at Burbank, California, to make the picture version of "This Is the Army." With the band playing *This Is The Army, Mr. Jones*, I marched into the studio, flags flying, rifle on my shoulder, and in full military dress.

During the time I worked at the studio, I made my headquarters at Camp T.I.T.A., a special military encampment a mile away from the Warner studio. There had been built a drill field, tents were set up, and an obstacle course and bayonet dummy course were also built. While I worked at the studio, I observed regular military discipline and duties. I arose at 6, dressed, had breakfast, came over the pass from Hollywood to Burbank, and was at the Camp for 8:15 reveille. From there the top sergeant assigned me to the sound stage where I was to work that particular day. I lived in an apartment or a small hotel room somewhere in Hollywood, sharing it with other members of the unit in order to make my \$2.88 go further.

At the end of the day I stood retreat at 5:30, and then I was on my own—unless I had guard duty to perform that night. Guard duty was a fourteen-hour trick, two hours on and two hours off. Camp T.I.T.A. was military property and had to be guarded.

I am the only actor who ever worked in a Hollywood picture that got \$50 a month for the job. I worked on sound stages next to ones where such stars as Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, or Errol Flynn were working, and when I ate my lunch at the studio commissary, I rubbed elbows with all the Hollywood great. But I was still a soldier, and I still saluted every officer in sight, buttoned up all my buttons, and stood at attention when an officer entered the sound stage. I worked for Mike Curtiz, one of the top directors in Hollywood, who was in charge of making a motion picture out of Mr. Berlin's stage show hit, but I took orders from the sergeant who was in charge of staging the dances, and the lieutenant from my company who acted as assistant director to Mr. Curtiz. I entered a new world—a world of arc lights, Technicolor cameras, of endless rehearsals in order to secure one good "take," of long hard work and little relaxation except at night, when I was too tired to do much except go dancing a little at the Hollywood Canteen. Did I say dancing? I sat on the sidelines. I'd had enough dancing.

A motion picture, unlike a stage revue, has to have a story. Therefore there are two distinct troupes working before the camera in "This Is The Army." One troupe consists of George Murphy, Joan Leslie, Ronnie Reagan, Dolores Costello, Una Merkel and Charles Butterworth—they are carrying the "book" portion. The other troupe consists of myself and 349 other soldiers. We sing and dance and do our specialties for the camera just as we did for audiences from New York to Frisco.

Joan Leslie looked forward to being in "This Is The Army." The first day she

walked on the set she smiled pleasantly at all the boys, but not a single boy spoke to her. Joan thought the boys were just shy. But when day after day went by and they didn't warm up she went to Lieutenant Ronald Reagan and asked him if she had done something wrong. Why did the boys all avoid her? Why were they so standoffish? Lt. Reagan explained that it was a military order—the boys were on the set to work, and not to mingle with civilians. One night at the Hollywood Canteen Joan met some of the boys and danced and chatted with them for several hours. They were so friendly, and complimentary, that now she felt things would be different on the set. But the next day on the set they looked right through her again.

Irving Berlin has been singing *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning* for twenty-five years. He claims he wrote the song because he actually does hate getting up in the morning. He only took one civilian privilege during the entire tour of "This Is The Army." He refused to get up in the morning. He always appeared for work at noon. His services were entirely donated. When he faced the camera to sing *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*, he forgot the words.

Mr. Berlin's favorite story about himself actually happened on this "This Is The Army" set. They were playing the recording of the sound track of Berlin singing 'Oh, etc.' when a prop man turned to Lt. Reagan who was listening and said, "If the guy who wrote that song ever heard the way it's being sung he'd turn over in his grave."

While "This Is The Army" was in production Warners were making other pictures using all ranks of Army officers played by extras. When they passed each other on the way to the commissary the real soldiers would salute the phony Captains and Majors. Of course the extras didn't salute back. Finally, to avoid any further confusion, the studio issued an order that in the future all "Warner Brothers officers" had to wear white arm bands when going to lunch. The white arm bands were lettered "Warner Brothers."

Ronald Reagan, who is a Lieutenant in the real Army, plays a Corporal in "This Is The Army." In the scenes the boys didn't have to salute him. When they passed him on the lot they were supposed to salute him. They were constantly upset trying to figure out when to do it, when not to do it.

Well, I worked for three months making a motion picture out of "This Is The Army," all the proceeds of which will go to Army Emergency Relief. It is estimated that the net AER will get from the picture will come to more than five million dollars. I'm happy that I have been able to do my part to raise money for this worthy cause. I'm also happy that I've been given a chance by the Army to do the things I knew how to do best. If the Army thought that I would be better as a soldier-actor than I would be manning a machine gun somewhere in North Africa—then that's the Army's decision. But now that the picture's finished, I'm hoping to get into a little more active job in the Army. Toward the end of our stay at Warner Brothers studio we spent a whole day out at the Warner ranch, with loaded rifles, on a battlefield set. I charged through the smoke and flames, across a field mined with dynamite charges that were skilfully set off by the technicians. I like to think that that was a dress rehearsal for things to come.

For after all, I'm a soldier in the United States Army. And now that the job of "This Is The Army" is finished, I'd like to do a little fighting. Raising money for AER is a worthy job, but there's more serious work to be done. Soon!

War, Women and Lipstick-



A recent portrait of
Constance Luft Huhn
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For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

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WAR SAVINGS BONDS
AND STAMPS.**

Candid Closeup of Bing Crosby

Continued from page 29

nor mine came over on the Mayflower and, until the moon changed and I got lucky and hit the jackpot we neither of us had a nickel that didn't have to do double duty.

"Even now we don't have dinner served in courses, we don't 'dress' for dinner, we don't serve tea in the afternoon, we haven't a butler to bless ourselves with, we don't have breakfast in bed, Dixie hasn't a personal maid and if a valet ever showed his nose around our joint I'd think Dixie was playing a joke on me and she would probably call in a psychiatrist to see if it was safe for me to be at large. We don't do any of the things that people who're born in manors do. So you see, we're hopelessly middle-class."

I mulled this over. "But still," I argued stubbornly, "when a guy's house burns down and a few days later he turns around and buys a \$300,000 estate—"

"In the first place," Bing maintained, "I've been trying to explain to you that business success has nothing to do with aristocracy. If I were a jillionaire I would still be middle-class. In the second place, you've been around Hollywood long enough to know that if a star coughs the studio publicity department gives out he's threatened with pneumonia and if he spends a buck they immediately tack on a couple of ciphers and, presto! it's a century note."

"O.K., Babbit," I laughed, "you win. Now, what's your home life like? What do you do evenings?"

"What do we do when you come out?" he retorted.

"Swill a few drinks, listen to records, reminisce about the good old days, etc. But I'm talking about when stars and big shots come visiting."

"Stars and big shots don't come to visit us," he snapped. "At least, when they come inside our home they cease being stars and big shots as far as we're concerned. The only people who come inside our home are friends, and friends are friends regardless of their business status. Incidentally," he continued, "I don't like that expression of yours, 'swill a few drinks.' Some of our friends," he looked at me pointedly, "occasionally do a little 'swilling' but most of them just toy with a glass. We play gin rummy or backgammon or just talk. During the week, even when I'm not working, we seldom have company and when we do I skip the drinks. It's only on week-ends we ever go out or have any excitement."

"Since the war started it's seldom we go out even then. I wanted to enlist, as I've told you before, but Washington asked me not to. I'm now connected with the Office of War Information and work for them, touring the Army camps, playing golf benefits for the Army and Navy Relief and making transcriptions of programs to be sent to the troops overseas. When I'm not making a picture I usually spend three or four nights a week at that. Take out another night for my studio broadcast and that leaves me one or two nights a week for myself. As you know, I've always been a guy who likes his slumber and I'm glad to hit the 'Beauty Rest' by 9:00."

Bing wasn't spoofing. I remember a night about ten or eleven years ago when he and Dixie had just returned to Hollywood from New York after his initial success in radio. A bunch of their old friends had dropped in. We were "toying with our glasses," recalling—even then—the good old days, and, we all thought, having ourselves one heck of a time. About 9:30 Bing suddenly rose and smiled in his most charming manner. "Goodnight, group," he said benevolently.

"Make yourselves at home." And that was the last we saw of Bing that night. Rude? Not at all. He was merely being himself.

When Bing avers his private life is no different than any other American family's he is not exaggerating. The only difference is that, because he is famous, everything he or Dixie do or say is rushed into print and the columnists are the more avid for news of them because they go out so rarely and because comparatively few people are invited into their home.

If I know and understand Bing pretty well, he knows and understands the working processes of my mind equally well for, looking at me, he suddenly chuckled. "You're going to ask me about those baby and divorce rumors that are constantly cropping up," he surmised. "Well, the baby rumors are as much of a surprise to Dixie and me as they are to anyone else. The answer to that is the same as the one I'll give you for the divorce rumors."

"I've stressed the fact that the only people who come to our house are close friends. Dixie is about as forthright and outspoken as a person can be. If we're in the midst of a tiff when guests arrive—and what married couple doesn't have them?—instead of putting up a solid front before outsiders, she carefully explains what the beef is about so they can referee and won't feel we're having secrets in front of them—and then we take up where we left off when the guests arrived. It possibly isn't the most polite thing in the world but that's the way we are and there isn't much either of us can do about it. Which proves again, we're middle-class because your true aristocrat would never dream of exposing his private life to the scrutiny of an outsider."

"If we were Mr. and Mrs. Jones our friends would go home, hash it over and, in the morning, the wife would phone Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Greene and tell them all about it and that would be the end of it. Because, through fortuitous circumstances, I happen to be in the public eye, it isn't the end of it as far as we're concerned. Columnists get hold of it and call us for details. By that time it's all over and we tell them it was nothing. They won't believe us and periodically write, 'It is rumored the Bing Crosbys are on the verge of a divorce.' If nothing comes of it, as invariably happens, no harm is done (as far as they are concerned) and they have filled a couple of lines in their column. If we ever *should* separate (and after ten years or more of married life I can tell you we never will) they can always say, 'As exclusively reported in this column three years ago, the Bing Crosbys are separating.' You see how it goes."

When Bing says he and Dixie are the way they are and there is nothing they can do about it, he is making an understatement. Two more honest, straightforward people I have never known, but there is some curious quirk in them that makes them seem to take a perverse delight in showing strangers their worst sides. A sort of self-flagellation, I suppose you would call it.

Dixie has a great talent as an actress, a swell singing voice, a terrific sense of humor and would have been one of our big stars if she hadn't married and retired. But even when she was on the way up she was always burdened with an overwhelming inferiority complex. As Bing has become more and more famous her complex, instead of curling up and dying, has become more pronounced. No amount of argument can convince her people like her

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for herself. She is sure, in her own mind, she is tolerated simply because she is Mrs. Bing Crosby. So, she says to herself, "The deuce with everybody," and tries to convince them she is as disagreeable a person as one can be. As loyal a friend herself as anyone could be, her friends understand her vagaries and pay no attention to them.

Bing, while utterly devoid of an inferiority complex, simply won't exert himself for anyone unless he knows and likes them very well. Recently he was voted the most uncooperative male star in Hollywood by the Women's Press Club. He isn't. He is simply himself.

Years ago, when he was making his first picture, he and Dixie and I went to a preview one night. A magazine photographer spied them and immediately wanted a picture of them. "Sorry, pal," said Bing amiably but firmly, "we're not on parade tonight. We're out for a quiet evening and not dressed to have pictures made."

I have always admired Bing for that. At least, he was keeping faith with his fans—if he had any at the time. But the photographer still insists Bing is a heel.

There was another time when he had got a couple of hit pictures under his belt and was as firmly established in films as he was on the radio. He and I were having lunch together. He was already refusing to give interviews and I was arguing hotly that he was hurting himself.

"I'll tell you, Dick," he replied earnestly, "when someone I know well, like you, wants an interview it's O.K. I enjoy it. Or even if someone I don't know at all wants to see me and has something definite to talk about—something I *can* talk about—I still enjoy it. But most of them write to an editor and say, 'How about a Bing Crosby story?' The editor may write back, 'I'd

like one.' The writer comes to see me, takes up a couple of hours or so rambling around in hopes a story will come out of the interview. Most of the time they want to tell you about themselves and when they've spent the afternoon with you they go home without a story because they've done all the talking. Then they want to come back for another session. If they do have something definite to talk about it is usually something very personal that I don't want to discuss.

"If I didn't happen to be hot they wouldn't be interested in me. *They* aren't hot so why should I have to listen to them talking about themselves? It's strictly a business proposition with both of us. They want to sell a story and I need the publicity. All right, they should get their story as soon as possible and let it end there.

"If I called up any writer I know and said, 'What's all this about you and your husband having a gas-house brawl in the Cirambo last night?' they would swear it didn't happen. So what right have they to pry into *my* private life?"

Bing to this day is as cooperative with his friends as his time will permit. That first summer he was out here for pictures I did a story on him. The editor (of this magazine, by the way) wanted a picture of the two of us together and was holding up the story until one came through. I was hard up and needed the money for the story. I told Bing about it. "I'll meet you at the studio at 9:00 in the morning," he answered. At 9:00 sharp he was at the studio, dolled up as though he were going to a swank afternoon reception. Actually as soon as the picture was made he was off to play golf, and all the time he had spent dressing, making up and coming to the studio was simply a favor he did for me.

Writers will tell you that was eleven or twelve years ago and he wouldn't do it now. They're right. He wouldn't. But the only reason he wouldn't is because he hasn't the time now he had then.

A few months ago an editor sent me an assignment for a cover-line story on a famous star. The star wanted the story and promised to give it to me. When the time came I was put off with one flimsy excuse after another. It afterwards developed he was about to get married and wanted to wait until after the ceremony for his story. Magazine deadlines wait for neither time nor marriages. As the zero hour approached when I was supposed to have a cover-feature in New York and I hadn't got my story, I called Bing. "I'm in a spot," I told him and related my woes. "You'll save my skin by coming across."

"Well," he hesitated, "this is the first day off I've had in months and I was just leaving for the golf club but if you'll rush out and think you can get a story in an hour, come ahead."

He gave me a story that eclipsed anything the other star might have told me.

When I hear people say success has turned Bing's head—when I hear them call him uncooperative, I come pretty close to seeing red. A more down-to-earth fellow than Bing you couldn't find and, if he *is* uncooperative, it isn't for any of the reasons ascribed.

I think a line of Shakespeare's from "Hamlet" must have stuck somewhere in Bing's memory: "The friends thou hast—and their adoption tried—grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel, but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade."

To the people he has known and liked, he's—well, he'll *always* be—just Bing.



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Cagney—Out of Character

Continued from page 35

neither he nor his wife has ever been heard to utter a complaint and there are few actors whose homes mean as much to them.

The Cagneys remind me more of the couple in the "Thin Man" than any two people I know. I have seen Jim come into the living room, make her a bow and gravely offer her his arm. As Billie takes it, the pair of them will, with equal gravity and without a word, swing into a waltz or a soft shoe dance. The dance finished they will march solemnly in to dinner or out the door to wherever they happen to be going. They are one of the few movie couples whom no divorce rumor has ever touched.

"When we were first married," Billie told me once, "it wasn't always possible for us to get jobs in the same company. I'd be out with one vaudeville act, Jim with another. Often we were separated for weeks at a time. I made up my mind then if I was going to worry myself over whether he might be falling in love with someone else I'd spend the rest of my life being miserable. In the majority of cases, when you trust a person if that person has any character at all you have nothing to worry about."

They are also one of the few Hollywood couples I know who have never lost their realization of the value of a dollar. Most Hollywoodites who have hit the jackpot think that golden stream is going to flow forever. I heard people who were literally starving a few years ago say, "Look at this! Wasn't it a bargain? Only \$500."

"Whenever I'm tempted to do something extravagant," Jim said, "I think back to those days when I was giving dancing lessons for a buck a throw and wondering what I could do to get more pupils. When Warners gave me my first picture job at \$500 a week with a five week guarantee, I thought, 'We can live a year on this money.' When they gave me my second part, with the same guarantee, I thought, 'Here's another year's living in the bag.' Even after they gave me a year's contract we lived in a \$60 a month apartment."

For my dough Cagney is the best actor in Hollywood—with no exceptions. He has been among the first ten at the box office, except for a couple of years, ever since he came into pictures. Yet offhand I know of no other star who has survived the succession of bad pictures Jimmy had during the early stages of his career.

He is one of the deftest farceurs the screen has known, yet he can turn around and play the heaviest dramatic part with equal conviction. A certain inherent staccato manner of speaking naturally marks all his performances but each characterization is as different from its predecessors as though another actor was playing it.

There are a few that get Jimmy's goat. The first, currently, is to have someone refer to "Johnny Come Lately" as "Jimmy Cagney's first independent production."

"I'm not the producer," he insists. "My brother Bill is the producer. Bill has spent ten or twelve years out here as my manager and also learning film production. I'm an actor and I'll tell you frankly I have no interest in producing a picture. In the second place, if I were a producer I couldn't be president of the Screen Actors Guild."

Another thing that gets his dander up is to have someone make some insane remark about the easy money actors make.

Recently he did a fight scene for this picture. He had been training for six weeks from early morning until late at night for that scene. When Jimmy came out of the ring, on a sizzling day, dripping with sweat, a friend who had watched the scene being

shot asked, "Is that all there is to it? Holy smoke! I'd sure like to get paid your dough for something like that!"

In another picture he had to taxi a plane in, jump out of it, pick up a bag and run out of the scene. The landing field was made of tarmac—a soft, spongy substance that made each step an effort. About thirty takes were shot before the scene was in the bag, with Jimmy landing on his back as often as he lit on his feet. At the end of the day when the twenty-year-old cadets who were working with him were completely exhausted, an onlooker came up to Jim and said, "Is there any work to acting or is it all play?"

Murder was almost committed.

Few stars give their supporting players the opportunity Jim does. When I heard that Grace George, one of the finest actresses the country has known, was making her cinematic debut in "Johnny Come Lately" I asked Jim in amazement how they had ever persuaded her to make a picture as I had often heard her say she never would.

"She read the script and liked it," he said. "She should—she has the best part in the picture."

"Well, how in the name of Grable, did you pick a script in which someone else has a better part?"

"Look," he explained patiently, "Bill and I are interested in making good pictures—not in showing the public that I'm the only one in the cast who does any acting."

From all the foregoing you may gather the idea that Cagney, for all his cocksureness on the screen, is a rather self-effacing chap in private life. He is. But he is also something more than that. He is a gentleman and it is one of the many reasons his friends swear by him.



Myrna Loy may return to films soon in another "Thin Man" story. At present Myrna is active in the interests of Greek War Relief, particularly on behalf of "Atlas of World War II," which is sold for the benefit of Greek Relief. Want to share with Miss Loy the fascination of this Atlas for only \$1.00? Send name and address to Greek War Relief, New York City, and you will receive this volume of dramatically captioned war maps. The postman will collect One Dollar plus postage, and if you don't like it your money will be refunded.

A Smile Wins

Continued from page 16

pronounced it bedder. When she watched herself say that and compared her mouth to when she said the word clearly, she soon discovered that better gave her the best expression!

Now that so many of our actresses are proving themselves in a variety of rôles, they don't paint on one mouth that speaks always the language of one type of girl. Naturalness is the order of the day. Just take a look at Dolores Moran, Mary Astor, or Joan Leslie's natural lip-lines. Off the screen they all use their most becoming shades of lipstick—unless an unusual or trying color costume calls for a hint of artfulness to bring out the color of which the costume shade may rob them. They all put on their lipstick carefully, and usually so that it will last through the day. And their smiles show that they've had a thought to gaiety when they applied the rouge. First, outline your lips while they are set in a serious expression. Fill in the lip surface that shows now. Then, smile your broadest smile, and you'll see that there are spots that still need covering. This makes you realize the necessity of carrying color further inside the mouth and of pressing lips together so that upper and lower applications blend evenly.

American girls really do owe a lot to Hollywood for the example of sparkling brilliant teeth. A smile before the camera would reveal any slight dental defect, so stars' teeth simply must be perfect. The first prescription for this perfection is—as in all other forms of grooming!—cleanliness. And fortunately for all of us cleaning is made easy by the excellent modern dentifrices.

In these busy days when dental "beauty treatments" are limited by lack of time and when so many dentists are serving the armed forces, such fine powders and pastes will help you keep your teeth almost as immaculate and glistening as a professional cleaning. There's a new form of an old preparation that is an improved richer, faster-foaming powder blended of non-critical materials whose exceptional cleansing properties also help to guard your teeth health. Its whirlpool action will make your teeth appear as though they had just had a polishing. For those problem teeth where the enamel is very delicate, there's another powder that assures safety because of the product's extreme delicacy.

Many people prefer pastes to powders. It's simply a matter of choice. One kind is as effective as the other. If you are a paste user, try the dentist's trick of massaging a small quantity of the paste into your gums each time you clean your teeth. This little extra attention is a marvelous aid to teeth health. Always wet your brush before applying paste to it and finish your brushing before you rinse your mouth. This makes a little go a much longer way.

Whether you use powder or paste, the important thing is regular brushing. When you get up in the morning, before you go to bed at nights and after meals, when possible, brush your teeth *thoroughly*.

Almost everyone uses mouth washes in these days because their germicidal action helps to prevent illness and breath offense.

We don't want to suggest that anything can substitute for a semi-annual visit to the dentist, but meticulous cleaning does prevent decay and preserve tooth beauty. If your smile displays really unsightly teeth, for your health's sake and for your beauty's sake run, don't walk, to a very good dentist.

Above all, don't let "laughter lines" worry you. They're the only lines that make any face, young or old, beautiful!

"For a Skin to stir Male Hearts try my *W.B.N.C."

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"You Didn't Know My Address"

Continued from page 37

you could get into. You wanted the Air Force. The Lieutenant Colonel had recommended you. But you didn't tell me then that you were in. You camouflaged the truth for me as long as you could.

"Then we went down to Indio, remember, and you couldn't get the kind of a ship you wanted. But while we were there, planning where to go next, you got the wire, relayed from Los Angeles, ordering you to report to Bolling Field. You had to tell me then."

"You were pretty game about it," Gene said, smiling. "You looked at the wire and said, 'So that's it! Well, that's what happens when you leave your husband alone—he comes back in the Army!'"

"No girl need go to dramatic school to learn to be an actress," said Jeanette, "if she has been a service man's wife. We learn to laugh when we want to cry; wise-crack when our blood is turning to ice; keep quiet when we long to break into a screaming tirade.

"You went to Phoenix—and I went with you. I took my accompanist with me and worked on repertoire during the day while you were flying. I didn't go near the field, I hated the sound of those Flying Wacos (strange, how frightened I have always been of flying)—but I'd meet you in town and we'd have dinner together every night.

"Then we went home. So then you reported to Bolling Field. Then to Roanoke. I went into my picture, 'Cairo,' and you went to Harrisburg for a course.

"Then you came home again. And soon after, your orders came. My first reaction was (I may as well admit it now) 'You can't DO this to me!' I had days of violent indigestion, and something that felt like heart murmurs. Heart murmurs, by the way, is as good a description of any I know of the way all women feel when the orders come. We had five days.

"Remember that afternoon at the airport? The plane began to tune up. You kissed me goodbye. I said, 'I'll go through with you.' 'Better not, dear,' you said. 'Wartime regulations, you know. Stricter than before.' 'Nonsense,' I said 'I'm sure they'll let me through.' 'Please,' you insisted, 'you'll embarrass the man at the gate.' The man at the gate wasn't embarrassed but, even then, you didn't savvy. Not until I had got on the plane, sat down and took off my hat did you realize I was going along. It was a delayed take on your part, Gene, but when it caught up with you, I—I like to remember the way you looked.

"We had two or three days in Washington, then on to New York. It became, then, a matter of just moments; waiting, each moment, for your orders to take off. That waiting, Gene!"

"I know, dear."

"I wonder whether you do! I wonder whether any man does. But women know. "Then—the night you were to take off. Remember that?"

"Perfectly," Gene said, "every minute of it. We had dinner at the Waldorf. We ordered a terrific dinner. Neither of us touched it. Then to the Plaza where we danced vigorously until 10:30. I was to leave for the airport at eleven. At the last moment, the flight was cancelled. You said, I remember, 'What an anti-climax! They'd never write a scene like this into a script!' The next day, you saw me off."

Jeanette said, "Yes. Yes, I did. Other women were there, too, other wives. As we left the airport, one of them said, 'I feel as if I were up there, too, in the air; not on earth at all.' That's how it feels, Gene.

"Then I went back to California; went home. I got there just in time for my birthday—and our anniversary. It wasn't a good time to be alone. Morale, I realized then, is almost as important for service wives as for service men. Not to be alone, I thought, is the way to maintain morale. So the Halfords, our friends who had been evacuated from Honolulu, came to stay with me. Three children—it was nice to have them there, laughing, making a lot of noise, filling that awfully empty house.

"I started making plans to keep busy. I had left M-G-M right after I finished 'Cairo,' as you know. Although I'd been working on a picture-to-picture basis for quite a while and although I had wanted to leave, had not been satisfied with my last pictures, had been wanting choice of stories, M-G-M had been my home lot for many years and not to be there any more was part of the strangeness. The hardest thing is to turn down scripts. I feel, and I still feel that it is better for me not to make a picture at all than to make increasingly mediocre ones—but Time is going, I find myself thinking, each time I reject a script, two months, three, four.

"So, after a couple of weeks back on the Coast, I made a tour of the Army camps. That was in July.

"In September, I made my concert tour for the benefit of the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

"I was at home for the Christmas holidays and again our friends, the Halfords, came to stay with me. Which made Christmas the way it should be, kids in the house.

"The day after Christmas the servants up and left—you didn't know that, did you?—and that left us running the house. We had a most awfully domestic time of it. Vacuuming like mad, running the washing machine and the mangle, making beds, getting meals, washing dishes, gardening. Then the Halfords left, and I was alone. Curious feeling to be alone, for the first time, ever.

"I kept busy in the house. I planned a Victory garden. Most of our flowers are vegetables now, Gene. I tended the bees and got stung for my care and pains. The sting became infected and I had to go into the hospital for a few days. I cabled you, remember, not to worry if you read in the papers that I was hospitalized because it was nothing serious but merely the result of a pet bee's peeve. And you cabled back, 'Dearest Petunia: Didn't I ever tell you about the flowers and the bees?'"

"I remember," Gene grinned, "very well, indeed. For my orderly took the message to send for me and presently he returned, saluted and said, 'Beg pardon, Captain, but the Censor wants you to explain this message.'

"But," Jeanette went on, "even with household chores, vegetables and bees, there were empty hours. Things that had once taken time, seemed important, had lost their savour. Clothes. Shopping. Social doings.

"I wrote you twice a week, Gene, sometimes oftener, and still do. Chatty letters. All the choicest tidbits from the Hollywood grapevine. I tried to make you feel that you were not too far away—for in most of your letters to me you made no mention of Hollywood, nor asked any questions. It—it rather frightened me. I felt, often, that you had gone so very far away from our world you might never want to come back."

"No," Gene said, "no, that isn't so. When this is over, there is nothing I'd rather

come back to than the acting profession. I am one of those who think it matters. I am glad that my contract with RKO still stands, even though it contains that qualifying little war-time clause, 'If ready, willing and able.' Meaning that, when I come back, if I am 'ready, willing and able'—that little word 'able' is the joker—the contract will be resumed. But in the meantime with a mission to do, you can't get as interested in Lana Turner's marriage or Betty's Grable's new romance as you once were—which doesn't mean," Gene added quickly, "that I want you to stop writing me all the items. For letters make all the difference between a good day and a bad day over there. Your first concern is, of course, your job. So far as your personal life is concerned, mail is all of it. Offer a fellow a meal or a letter and he'll take a letter every time. Once, when there was a delay of six weeks in getting mail through to us, the morale was lower than I had ever seen it."

"Letters are just about our personal lives, too," Jeanette said, and added, "and most of the mail from overseas is so unsatisfactory. You don't tell me anything! You *can't* tell me anything, I know. Not anything I really want to know: where you are (you can never tell me that), just what you are doing, whether you are warm, fed, comfortable, safe. Especially, *safe*. And all of the cables headed 'Sans Origine.'"

"Those two words, 'Sans Origine,' say it all, Gene. They express the real strangeness of it for husbands and wives—to live like strangers, not knowing *where*, unable to share experiences; unable, really, to share thoughts. Why, the nicest thing that happened to me in New York was seeing you here. But—incredible, isn't it?—I didn't know I would see you here, had no idea and, when you arrived, *you didn't know my address!*"

Gene laughed. "I didn't even know where you were," he said. "I got leave suddenly and unexpectedly," he explained to me, "and Jeanette's letters telling me she was coming to New York to coach for her Canadian debut in 'Romeo and Juliet' must have arrived after I had left—over there. I had to call her mother on the coast. She told me where to find her. I covered that four blocks in nothing flat!"

"Well," Jeanette rose from the wide couch where she had been snuggled, feet drawn up under her, all the while they were talking, and walked, a vivid figure in her Kelly-green hostess gown and tawny hair piled high, to where Gene was sitting. Standing there, her hand on his shoulder, she said, "I guess this brings us up to date. After my tour in Canada, I go back to the Coast. If I should be given a script I like, I may make a picture. I rather hope so. In the Fall, if I have been received well in opera and if the 'Met' is open, I may sing there. And I hope," she added, speaking to us both, "that I haven't sounded morbid or depressed. It hasn't been a sad year, really, it's been a *thoughtful* one. And I find that, actually, I am happy. Because, I think, I am a naturally happy person. Also because I've been fairly busy, feel that I have accomplished something. And happy, most of all, for what I have had in the past."

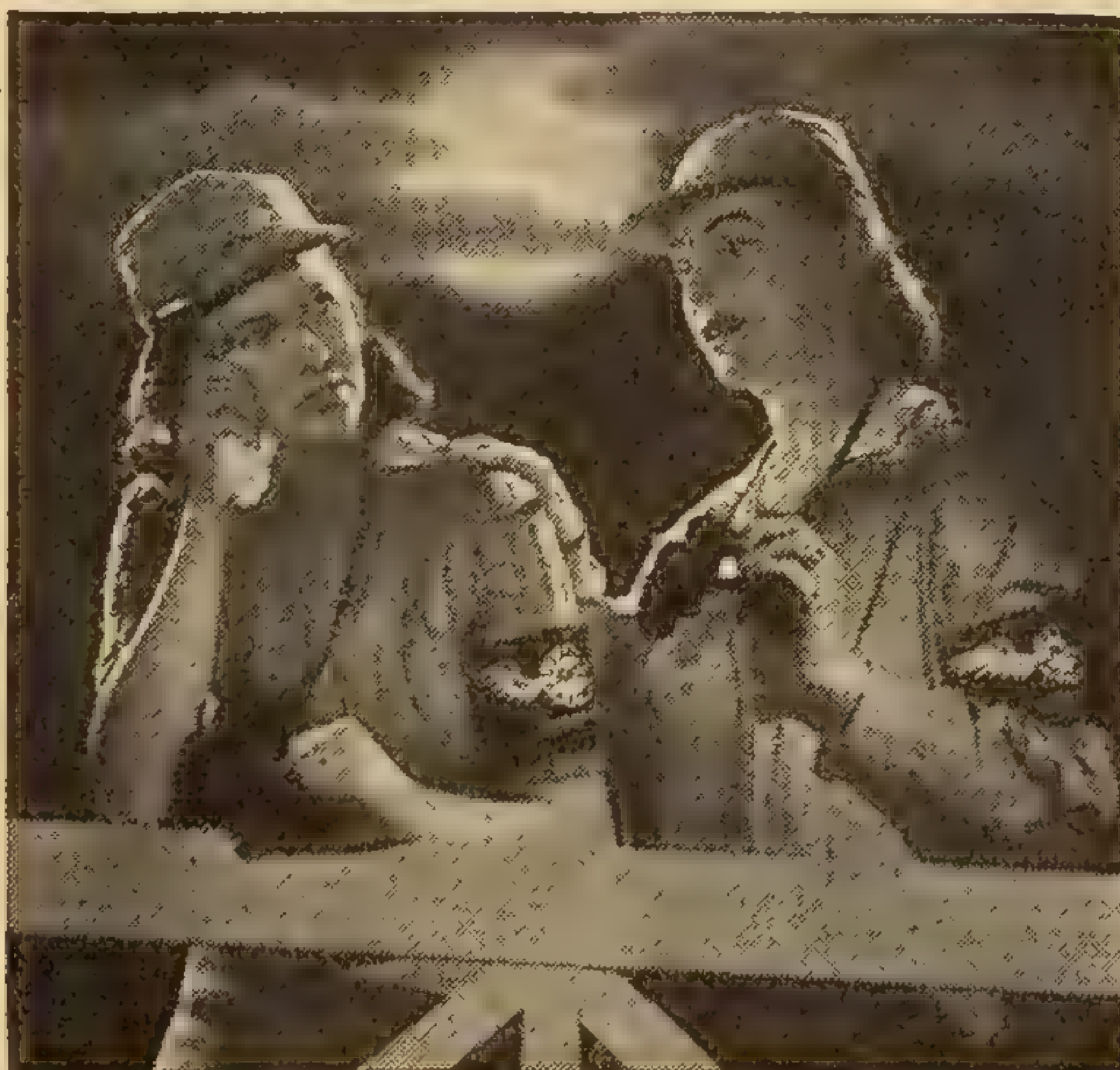
She stood there for a moment, her fingers touching the bars on Gene's shoulders, as Gene spoke.

"I miss my home just as much as any man in the service does," he said thoughtfully, "and naturally, being away from you for a year, more than a year, can't make me terribly happy. And no one really loves the work of war. But I am happier doing what I am than I would be doing anything else. Besides, I am not sure that 'happiness' is any longer the important factor."

"You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"



1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could chew nails!



2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."



4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND... I can't complain about any love shortage now!



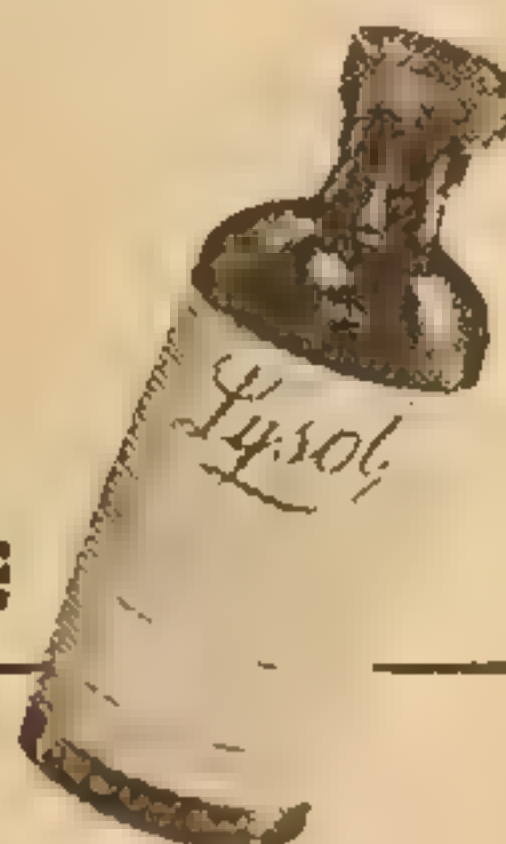
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"The Song of Bernadette"

Continued from page 43



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"To learn the catechism requires great diligence," Peyramale nodded approvingly. "I think such diligence should be rewarded. I have here some holy cards. Would you like one?"

The children reached for the small cards eagerly. Bernadette was the last to get one and her breathing came in the rapid way it always did when she was excited as she stared down on the scene of the Nativity pictured on it. But even as she looked at it Sister Vauzous reached over and took the card away.

"I'm sorry, Your Reverence," she said, "but this girl is not deserving. It would be unfair to the others. They have studied their catechism. She has not."

She had wanted that picture so much, it was all Bernadette could do to hold back her tears. There was so little of beauty in her life and it would have meant so much to keep that picture with its lovely colors for her own. And even though Jeanne Abadie, one of her schoolmates, walked home with her and Marie afterwards, Bernadette couldn't talk, thinking of it.

The smell of onion soup clung to the stone-walled room as they came in, and she could see by her mother's flushed harassed face that it was one of the bad days when there would be nothing else to eat.

"There's no wood," Louise Soubrious said flatly, shivering a little as she spoke. She felt tired, tired to the very bone. Her small sons, Louis and Justin, had plagued the heart out of her with their mischief.

"I'll go get some, mother," Bernadette was always the first to offer when anything had to be done and as she was leaving Marie and Jeanne decided to go along.

It was a long walk, going for the wood. The best place was the wooded land beyond the Massabielle Grotto which was used as the public dumping ground. Bernadette felt her heart quickening as they neared the river and she saw the mill beside the bridge. No one was at the gate and Marie and Jeanne dashed quickly across, their laughter coming excitedly as the slender suspended bridge swayed under them. But as Bernadette neared it the young miller came out.

Bernadette always felt that breathlessness when she saw Antoine Nicolau. And his eyes usually so brimming over with laughter were tender as they rested on her.

"May I use your bridge?" she whispered tremulously.

"As often as you like, and no toll charge." He took her arm and walked beside her. "You'd better let me help you, the bridge is not so dependable."

There were so many things Bernadette would have liked to say to him but shyness held her tongue captive. When she caught up with the others they looked at her surprised. She looked so different, she was almost pretty with the color flooding her small pointed face.

They saw the dumps on the hill sloping above them as they reached the bend in the road. Thin spirals of smoke drifted up from the piles of burning rubbish and the acrid smell caught in Bernadette's throat so one of her coughing spells came on her again. It was a desolate spot, the Grotto of Massabielle. Except for a few scrubby bushes there was no vegetation growing among the rocks, the largest of which had a small cavern in it which resembled a niche set in a church wall. The small straggling wild rosebush growing below it swayed convulsively in the harsh wind that lashed at the girl so furiously as she struggled to get her breath.

Marie looked at her sister sympathetically. She mustn't come any further, Marie insisted. Bernadette must wait there while they got the wood. She must rest.

Bernadette sat down, and the young voices faded in the distance. She was tired, and it would have been good to sit there resting if it weren't for the guilty feeling that she wasn't doing her share. Then suddenly she felt no longer tired. It was as if she had been refreshed by a long sleep, as if winter had suddenly gone and it was summer again. A warm glow swept through her body and she realized the wind had died down. Then the feeling of lassitude and well-being went as she looked at the rosebush. Though there was no stirring anywhere, though not a shrub of a leaf was moving any place else, the rosebush was shaking violently.

It was then, just as she was getting to her feet certain some evil spirit was at play, that she saw the lady standing there in the niche above the rosebush. She was young and delicately fashioned, and so beautiful Bernadette felt her heart kneeling to her in prayer. Her white robe clung to her slender figure and a broad blue girdle lightly knotted under her breasts fell down over her knees. But for all the fineness of her raiment, there were no shoes on her small ivory colored feet. Instead a golden rose was poised on each of her insteps. And as Bernadette stared, her quivering fears went and in their place came a feeling of consolation and peace.

So enraptured was she, Bernadette scarcely realized what she was doing as she sank down on her knees, reached in her pocket for her rosary and made the sign of the cross.

She was still kneeling there when the others came back. Terror seized Marie's heart when she saw her sister's rigid figure, her colorless face, her eyes that had taken on the look of the blind. She didn't answer when they called. It wasn't until they were upon her and Maria shook her that slowly the color began to come back in Bernadette's face and her eyes looked like her own again.

"What were you doing kneeling in the rocks?" Maria demanded.

Bernadette looked at her in indecision. "If—if I tell you," she said at last, "you must promise not to give me away. Papa might take a stick to me if he should hear of it." Then as her sister, overcome by curiosity promised, Bernadette told of the lady.

"Bah!" Jeanne laughed. "What would a beautiful lady be doing at a filthy place like Massabielle?"

"I don't know," Bernadette picked up her share of the wood. "But she was there. Truly she was."

And it was strange going home, how Bernadette did not get tired at all, though the younger, sturdier girls panted with fatigue under the heavy bundles of wood. It was as if the lovely lady was still beside her, so calm and happy did she feel.

But Marie could not keep the secret. She blurted it out as soon as she was in the house and her father's face darkened as he listened, so that Louise fearing one of his tempers turned to her first born.

"What is this foolishness?" she demanded.

"It's true, Mama," Bernadette said softly. "She was there in the cave at Massabielle. Her face was so lovely, so beautiful. Just to look at her made me—"

"Nonsense!" Louise caught her breath sharply as she turned to her husband. "Soubrious! You heard what she says?"

"I heard," he said heavily. "And I know why she says it. She's showing off, making up a story to sound important. Always starts the same way with fairy-tales. Golden roses on her feet, indeed!"

"Oh, Papa!" Bernadette was almost weeping. "I really and truly saw the lady."

It was on Sunday Bernadette went to the grotto again. After church the other girls had teased her to take them to see her lady. And again the lady had come, though none of the others had seen her and Bernadette had gone into another trance as she knelt there so the girls had become frightened and ran to the mill to ask for help.

Antoine carried Bernadette to his mother's cottage, his heart shaken with fears. But again the color came back in her face when she awakened and Antoine's fears went when her slow smile came.

"What was the matter, Bernadette?" he asked. "What happened?"

"The lady was there a long time," Bernadette said softly. "And she spoke to me. She said, 'Will you render me the grace of coming here each day for fifteen days?' And then she added, 'I cannot promise to make you happy in this world. Only in the next.'"

His mother whispered something and made the sign of the cross but Antoine didn't speak. He could only look at Bernadette and feel his heart aching as if a knife had been thrust through it.

He looked up then as the door opened and Louise Soubirous dashed into the room as if she were possessed. Marie had hurried home to tell about Bernadette and Louise had run all the way to the mill, her tired feet propelled by her fears.

"I'm all right, Mother," Bernadette smiled. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about?" Now that she knew her child was safe the fears

CAST

"THE SONG OF BERNADETTE"

(A 20th Century-Fox Picture)

William Goetz, in charge of production. Director: Henry King. Producer: William Perlberg. Screen Play by George Seaton, from novel by Franz Werfel.

Bernadette Soubirous....Jennifer Jones
Peyramale.....Charles Bickford
Sister Marie Theresa Vauzous

Gladys Cooper
Vital Dutour.....Vincent Price
Aunt Bernarde Casterot.....Blanche Yurka
Antoine Nicolau.....William Eythe

exploded into anger. "Scare me half to death and you say nothing to worry about! I left your father's dinner to burn and ran through the streets like a mad woman. And what do I find? You sitting there like a princess, you good for nothing—"

She raised her hand to strike her but Madame Nicolau caught it.

"Don't," she protested. "The child is an angel of God."

"Angel!" Louise scoffed. "She's the laughing stock of Lourdes. Bernadette," her voice rose, "I won't budge from this place until you promise never to go to Massabielle again!"

It wasn't any good protesting when her mother had made up her mind about something. Bernadette tried to argue with her but it was useless. So in the end she promised, but with all the cunning of love she added slowly, "Unless you yourself give me permission."

"That, I promise you, you will never

get," Louise said grimly. "I'm going to send you to your aunt in Bartres where you'll forget this silly nonsense."

But Aunt Bernarde allied herself firmly with her niece when she came to Lourdes at her sister's frantic bidding.

"Bernadette is a simple, honest child," Bernarde declared firmly. "She hasn't the cunning to invent anything like this. This lady might well be a heavenly creature. And since the lady has asked her to go to the grotto for fifteen days, she must go."

"But what will people say?" Soubirous asked darkly. "You don't know what it is to walk down the street and have people point you out as the father of 'that idiot.'"

"When I walk with her," Aunt Bernarde said, "let anyone dare to laugh!"

At first all of Lourdes laughed indeed when they saw Bernadette walk to the grotto. Then one by one others went with her, impelled by curiosity at first, then as they looked at her rapt, transfigured face as she knelt and talked to the lady their eyes were not worthy of beholding they became converted one by one until the crowds following her carrying lighted candles and crucifixes took on the dignity and humility of holy pilgrimages.

Soon newspapers all over France were printing stories mocking the vision of Lourdes. Lacade, the mayor, resented it bitterly. He would not have his city made the laughing stock of the whole country. Something must be done to stop this farce at once. But when he called on Dutour the imperial prosecutor to help him, Dutour pointed out he was powerless to interfere. There was nothing unlawful in the girl going peacefully to the outskirts of the town, kneeling, saying her rosary and going home again. And when Lacade insisted it was insulting to religious sensibilities to have the girl say the Blessed Virgin came

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to her in a public dumping ground, Dutour only reminded him that the girl didn't claim to see the Virgin Mary, that it was the crowd who claimed that it was the Holy Mother who came to the grotto.

Jacomet, the police commissioner, also evaded Lacade's demand that he find a way of stopping the girl's nonsense. Visioning a beautiful lady could hardly be constructed as a violation of the criminal code, he said. If it were, the entire male population of France would be spending most of its time behind bars. And there couldn't be any hustling the girl off to an institution for the insane, either, with Dr. Douzous declaring there was nothing to indicate catalepsy or hysteria and that her straightforward answers to his questions proved she was neither an imbecile nor insane.

As a last resort the mayor went to Peyramale asking that the church stop the sacrilege. But the Dean of Lourdes said the Church attributed no religious significance to the so-called visions of Massabielle, that too many frauds and psychopaths had claimed similar experiences before.

"Then," Lacade was sure he had found the way at last, "the State can invoke the law which prohibits the opening of a new place of worship without the consent of the Minister of Culture."

"The Church has not opened any new place of worship," Peyramale said. "The Church neither sponsors nor recognizes these daily heathen gymnastics that take place at Massabielle."

"But it is your own parishioners who carry on these pagan ceremonies," Lacade protested. "I understand they use a kitchen table for an altar and there they pray. On a spot littered with filth they pray to God."

"Prayer, gentlemen," Peyramale said quietly, "is good no matter where it is offered."

The sole responsibility had come back to Lacade. There was nothing left but to have the girl brought to him for questioning. His heart sank when the police told of Bernadette's infuriated followers escorting her to the city hall and waiting outside while she was being questioned. He hadn't wanted to stir up the whole town with elections soon to be held. And the combined efforts of the mayor and the prosecutor and the commissioner could not confuse the girl or make her deviate from her story. They were relieved when her father, frightened for his child, made his way through the crowds and came into the courtroom, so they could pass onto him the responsibility of keeping his daughter away from the grotto.

But when Soubroux forbade Bernadette to go there again he heard her weeping as she lay in bed that night. Her asthma was worse and her breath came in great gasping sighs that struck terror to his heart.

"You shall see her." He went over to her bed. "If they lock me up—well, let them. But you shall see her."

Peyramale was walking in his garden reading his breviary the next afternoon when a chattering of voices interrupted him. He looked up and saw a crowd coming down the street, the girl Bernadette walking on ahead with Antoine the young miller a pace behind her.

He stood there as the girl opened the gate and came into the garden. It was the last thing he wanted, having her come here.

"Your Reverence," she whispered breathlessly, "excuse me, Your Reverence."

Suddenly he turned and faced her. "So you're the urchin every idiot in France is talking about!" His voice was brusque as he looked at the crowd outside. "Do your couturiers and servants always follow you? Well! Speak, what do you want of me."

"The lady sent me." Bernadette looked up at him appealingly. "Just now she said: 'Please go to the priests and tell them a chapel is to be built here.'"

"Priests?" Peyramale's eyes were riveted on the trembling girl. "What does that mean? Your lady seems to be a confirmed heathen. Even the cannibals have priests. We Catholics have religious, each bearing a specific title."

"But the lady did say priests," Bernadette insisted softly.

"Well, you've come to the wrong place," the Dean said abruptly. "Tell your lady that if she wants a chapel she will have to provide the money. You can also tell her the Dean of Lourdes doesn't consider it very fitting for a lady to climb barefoot on rocks and send adolescents with messages. And—"

"I forgot something, Your Reverence." Even the girl's fear of him couldn't keep her from interrupting. "The lady also said: 'Let processions come hither.'"

"Processions, eh?" He frowned. "Do you think tomorrow would be soon enough?"

"Oh, yes," she said softly, all unaware of the sarcasm in his voice.

"One moment!" Peyramale thundered. "Let us find out how extraordinary this lady is. I have heard there is a wild rosebush growing in the grotto. I want you to tell the lady this, that the Dean of Lourdes would like her to perform a little miracle. He would like her to make the wild rosebush bloom now, in February."

All of Lourdes was excited about the Dean's order and the next day the ranks of Bernadette's faithful followers were swelled by almost all the population of Lourdes, so that it looked indeed like the procession the lady had requested. Even Lacade went with them, flanked on one side by Dutour and on the other by Jacomet, and all of them relieved that now at last

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all this nonsense was to come to an end.

Only Bernadette was calm as she knelt below the niche. Her wrapt smile coming as the lady appeared in her niche, beckoning her forward. An incontrollable desire to kiss the small ivory colored feet swept through the girl as she climbed the rocks up towards the niche and with passionate devotion she thrust her head into the rose-bush. A gasp came from the crowd as she lifted it and they saw the blood coming from the scratches on her face. But Bernadette was only aware of the lady.

"Go to the spring," the lady said gently, "and drink and wash yourself."

There was no spring, and thinking the lady meant the river Bernadette turned toward it, but the gentle voice stopped her.

"Not to the river," she said, nodding toward the edge of the grotto. "Go to the spring. Eat of the plants you will find yonder." Bernadette followed her eyes to the spot without sand or rubble where a handful of grass and a few miserable herbs had managed to grow. Running toward it the girl flung herself on her knees and pulling up the greens began eating them, all unaware of the uneasy mutterings of the crowd as they looked at each other beginning to doubt her sanity. And when the girl looking feverishly for the spring began digging in the earth and began to rub it on her arms and face, a cry of horror rose from the crowd. Louise couldn't bear it any longer. Running to her child she put her arms around her and tried to pull her away.

"No! No!" Bernadette protested. "I must wash myself in the spring. The lady asked me to."

Someone tittered and Jacomet came forward, holding up his hand for attention.

"You can see now that the story of the Blessed Virgin was born in a sick and warped mind." His voice was triumphant. "You have been duped by an idiot. I beg of you, go back to your homes."

Only two remained after the crowd had left, Antoine and Bouriette, a stone mason almost blind in one eye who was his friend. Antoine was sick at heart. The girl he loved so dearly was insane. He felt it would be better if she were dead, and the overcast sky and the sighing wind seemed to share his desolation as he sat on the hillside, his hands pressed on the ground behind him. Suddenly he felt a strange sensation and lifting his hands saw they were wet and then as his eyes stared incredulously he saw the clear stream of water coming from the place where Bernadette had dug.

"The Dean demanded a miracle," Antoine said in a shaken voice. "There it is!"

With a cry Bouriette stumbled toward the stream and knelt beside it, his hand scooping up water and mud and pressing it against his useless eye. And when he rose again his vision was brighter.

Now it was not only the people of Lourdes but pilgrims from all over France, from Spain and the Basque country, rich and poor, proud and humble alike, who walked behind Bernadette to her trysts with the lady. And it was on the fifteenth day when the lady said she was not to come back to the grotto until she sent for her that word came the Dean wanted to speak to Bernadette.

Peyramale was very gentle when she came into the room. And a great pity for her stirred in his heart.

"My dear girl," he said. "Have you ever thought what your future will be like? After First Communion girls may indulge in proper pleasures. They go to dances, meet young fellows, and after a time, please God, they marry and have children. Wouldn't you like to be such a girl?"

"Of course." Bernadette looked at him eagerly, a soft pink flooding her face. "I

Absent^{ee}-minded

How, you ask, can you be all-out for Victory on days like this . . . when you feel all in?

That's strange talk . . . coming from *you*! You who were so proud to carry the blow torch for Uncle Sam . . . first in your plant to sign the scroll pledging you'd *stay on the job*.

And now you're telling yourself that girls are different . . . and that one little layoff day won't matter. When you *know* that if it weren't for stay-at-homes, scores more ships . . . tanks . . . bombers would reach our boys!

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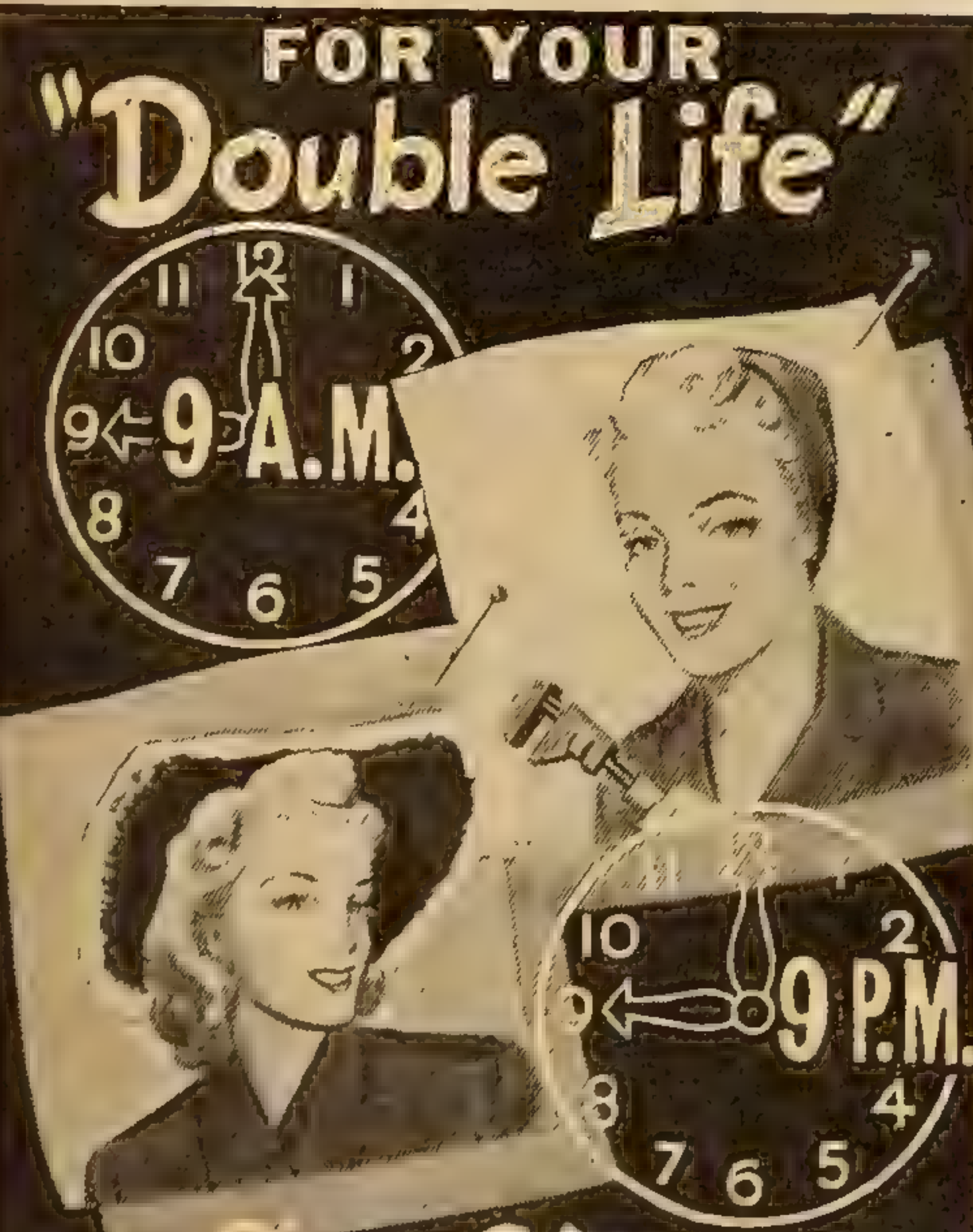
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would like to go dancing and have a husband some day."

"Then wake up, now!" He leaned toward her earnestly. "Otherwise life is at an end for you. You are playing with fire."

She could not understand what he meant. She only knew that when the lady sent for her she would have to return.

The next day Jacomet, going through the statute books trying to find a law that could stop the long processions from going to the grotto, sighed with relief when he discovered there was an ordinance decreeing that no water could be consumed by anyone unless it had been thoroughly tested by a registered chemist.

Now at last there was a legal way to stop it, and on Lacade's orders the stream was blocked off and guarded by gendarmes.

The few who tried to drink from the water had been arrested and the crowds no longer made the pilgrimage to the rocks. And it was almost as if Bernadette had forgotten the events at the grotto so calmly did she go through her days.

Then two months later the summons came. Bernadette was drying a plate when she heard the lady's faraway voice and in her eagerness to obey she did not even realize that the plate had fallen to the floor and broken or that her mother was angry.

She stopped a few yards away from the barricaded cavern but her eyes lifted above the boards to the niche in the rock and there was the lady. Never had her smile seemed so lovely, never had there been so much tenderness in her eyes.

"Farewell," she said softly, and even as Bernadette knelt there looking at her she vanished.

"Farewell," Bernadette said, and then overcome by grief she flung herself prostrate on the ground and sobbed.

The gendarmes who only a moment before had felt powerless to interfere, almost as though some will other than their own held them back, came forward now and placed her under arrest. But this time it wasn't the officials who questioned her. They had sent for a psychiatrist and after a harrowing examination he pronounced her insane.

Peyramale, who had stayed in the background during the inquisition, rose protestingly. "This is the most shameful piece of hypocrisy I have ever encountered!" he said.

"I promise you that I shall raise such a voice throughout all France that the reverberations will send petty politicians toppling from their seats. Come here, Bernadette," he said softly, and as she obeyed his arm went protectingly about her. "I know this child. So do the police. She is neither a maniac nor a menace to her fellow men. If you gentlemen still intend to take her, well and good. But rest assured I will not stir from her side. When your police come I'll say to them: Load well your guns, for your path lies over my dead body."

No one stopped him as he left taking her with him. And knowing the child's danger it was to the hospital he brought her where she would be safe until he returned. For he was going to Tarbes, to lay Bernadette's case before the Bishop.

That night as Bernadette lay in bed, her wide eyes staring into the darkness, the door opened and Sister Vauzous came in.

"I am being called to the Mother House of our order at Nevers," she said, her mouth tightening as she looked at the girl. "I couldn't leave without telling you how I feel, Bernadette. You have been calculating and clever, you have even won over the Dean of Lourdes. But you should be thankful that you did not live in former times when creatures like you who boasted of equivocal visions were burned at the stake. None of my pupils have given me

more sorrow. I have prayed for you night after night and I shall continue so that your soul will not be destroyed by the danger to which you are exposing it."

But as she was leaving she could not resist that last look at the girl lying there on the bed. A shaft of moonlight lay across her face and the wide, thoughtful eyes looked tranquil and at peace, and involuntarily the nun's hand closed around her rosary.

It was on Peyramale's insistence that the church began its investigation of Bernadette, that investigation which was to take years before it would be finished. But scarcely had it begun when the Empress of France sent one of her ladies in waiting to the spring in the grotto when her child, the little prince they called Loulou, became ill. The beautiful Eugenie had made a vow to her God that if her son recovered she would publicly acknowledge her faith in the spring and the Blessed Virgin of Lourdes and when the prince drank from the water and became well again she kept her promise.

So it was on the Emperor Louis Napoleon's orders that the grotto was decreed open for the public and as the years went on pilgrims came there from all over the world. And constantly word came of new cures, and the pile of crutches and casts and braces left by those no longer needing them offered their own mute testimony.

Bernadette was a woman grown that day when the Dean of Lourdes sent for her. He stood at the window watching as she lingered at the gate a moment talking to Antoine who had accompanied her. And Peyramale sighed as she came in the gate and he saw the radiance in her eyes.

"Here," he said gently as she came into the room. "Come by the fire and get warm." And then as she obeyed him: "Father Pomian tells me your sister was married the other day."

"Oh, yes!" Bernadette's shy smile came eagerly. "We had a big cake with figures on it. It was ever so nice. And I am to take her place with Madame Millet. It won't be so hard. It's just housework and the pay is good. It's strange, Your Reverence, the lady told me I could never be happy in this world, but I am. Happier than I've ever been. I've got a job and—"

"Yes," Peyramale nodded gravely. "Antoine is a splendid young man." Then as she blushed his voice softened. It was a hard thing he had to tell this young woman. "Bernadette, the commission which has been examining you and the cures at the grotto admit the possibility that you were chosen by the powers above and that your hand alone brought forth this spring. Do you understand what that means?"

She shook her head as if ashamed that she did not know, and the Dean sighed again before he went on.

"It means that this report will be sent to the greatest and wisest men of the Church. They will be watching you for decades and then perhaps long after the rest of us are dead and thought of no more, you will—"

Suddenly she understood what he meant. "But that's frightful!" Her voice came in quick protest. "It can't be! I don't want it!"

"But don't you understand, dear child?" he said. "The most Blessed Virgin condescended to you. This places an obligation on you. You can't play truant from your destiny as though it were school and become an old widow's servant. A long time ago I told you, you were playing with fire. Your lady was Heavenly fire. Heaven chose you and now there is nothing left for you but to choose Heaven."

"Everything you say is true," she whis-

pered. "And I will do exactly as you ask, but—but—"

She could not go on. She could not say Antoine's name or tell of the dreams she had shared with him, of the life they had planned together. But Peyramale understood, and his voice was gentler than it had been even before as he went on.

"Do not worry about your family. I have arranged for your father to be established in a mill so that he can practice the trade for which he was meant. Your family can live without fear of poverty."

Every person in Lourdes who could get there was crowded around that home which had once been a jail, the day Bernadette was to leave for the convent at Nevers.

The two nuns who were to accompany her were already waiting in the carriage and Bernadette felt a moment of panic as her eyes swept over the crowd and she saw that the one she was seeking had not come.

"I said goodbye once this morning, I know," he said. "But I had to come. I have a little something for you. Sometimes it is difficult to say certain things in a letter, so wherever you may go, if you ever need me send me this." Peyramale put a small card into her hand. "And I will come."

The tears rushed to Bernadette's eyes as she stared down at the picture of the Nativity on the card that had been refused her that day in the schoolroom.

It was just beyond the outskirts of Lourdes that she saw Antoine waiting on the country road. Her heart was too full for words as the carriage stopped and he thrust the white roses he was carrying through the open window.

"I couldn't say goodbye before the others," he whispered, "because there was something I wanted to tell you. I am going to stay unmarried too, that is what I wanted to say to you. And now I wish you luck on your journey, Bernadette."

For a long time afterward Bernadette sat there straight and still. It wasn't until Lourdes was many miles behind her that her tears fell at last on the white roses.

But there was no trace of them left in her eyes when she faced the Mother Superior in the Convent Hall, answering her questions. Yes, she was the postulant from Lourdes. Her name was Bernadette Soubirous and she was just past twenty. No, there wasn't much she could do.

"But in the world what would you have liked-to-be?" the nun asked.

"I always thought I could have been a good servant girl," she said simply.

So she was set to work in the kitchens and it was there Sister Vauzous saw her one day, but still she could not believe in her former pupil's humility. Even as the years went and Sister Vauzous became the Mother Superior and Bernadette a nun who still chose the most arduous tasks for her own, the older woman could not believe in her, and when the other nuns spoke of the limp that was becoming more and more pronounced as time went on, the Mother Superior insisted it was just Bernadette's way of gaining attention. But sometimes, something in the calm, still face made her wonder, and one day tortured by doubts she went to Bernadette's cell.

"I've tried to believe in you," she said. "Only God knows how I've tried. But I cannot. Even the Holy Father in Rome believes, but I can't. In all our sacred history the chosen ones have always been those who suffered. I know what it is to suffer. Look at my eyes. They burn like the very fires of hell. Why then should God choose you and not me?"

"I cannot answer that," Bernadette said.

"If," the other leaned forward, "if I who have tortured myself cannot glimpse the



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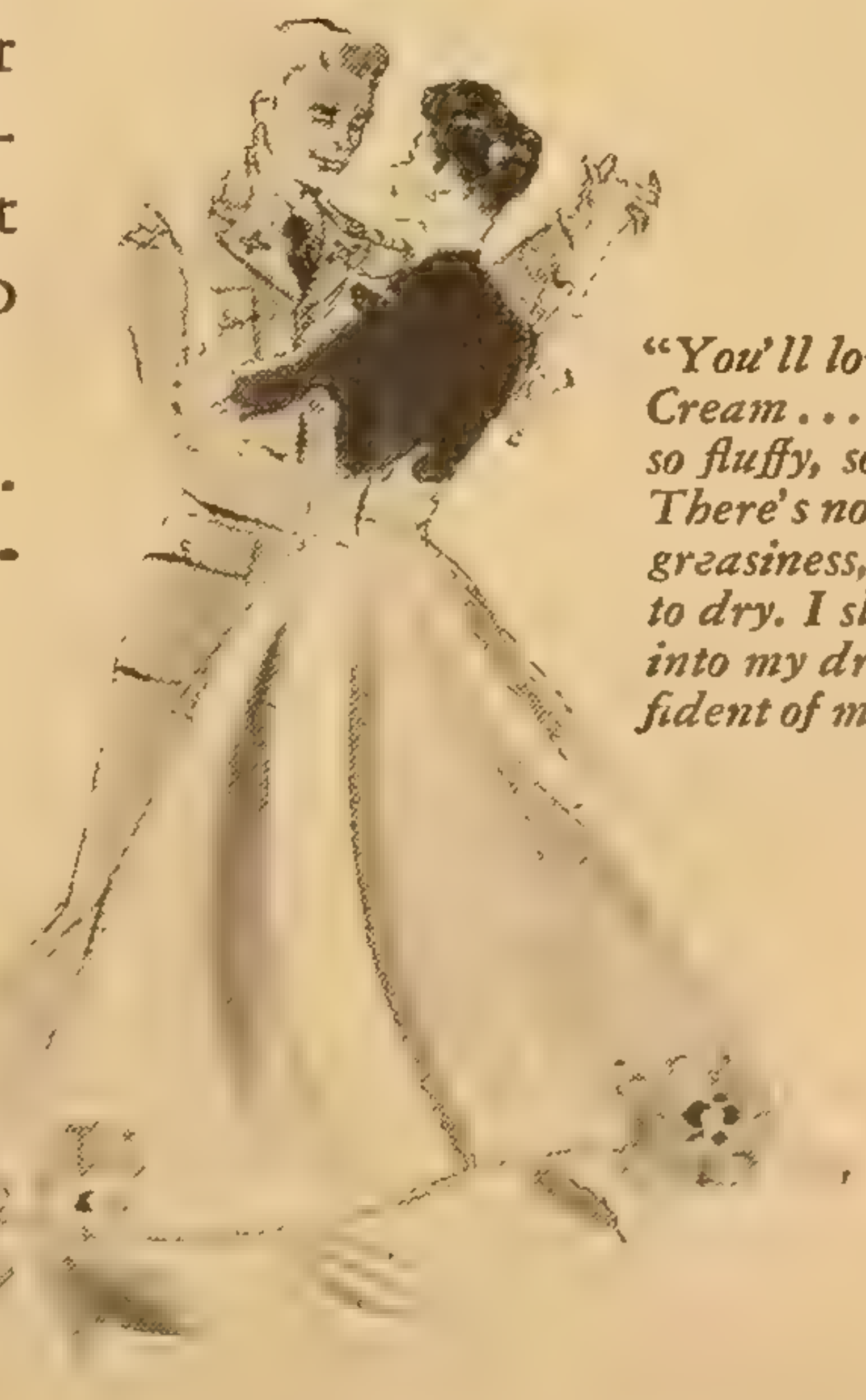
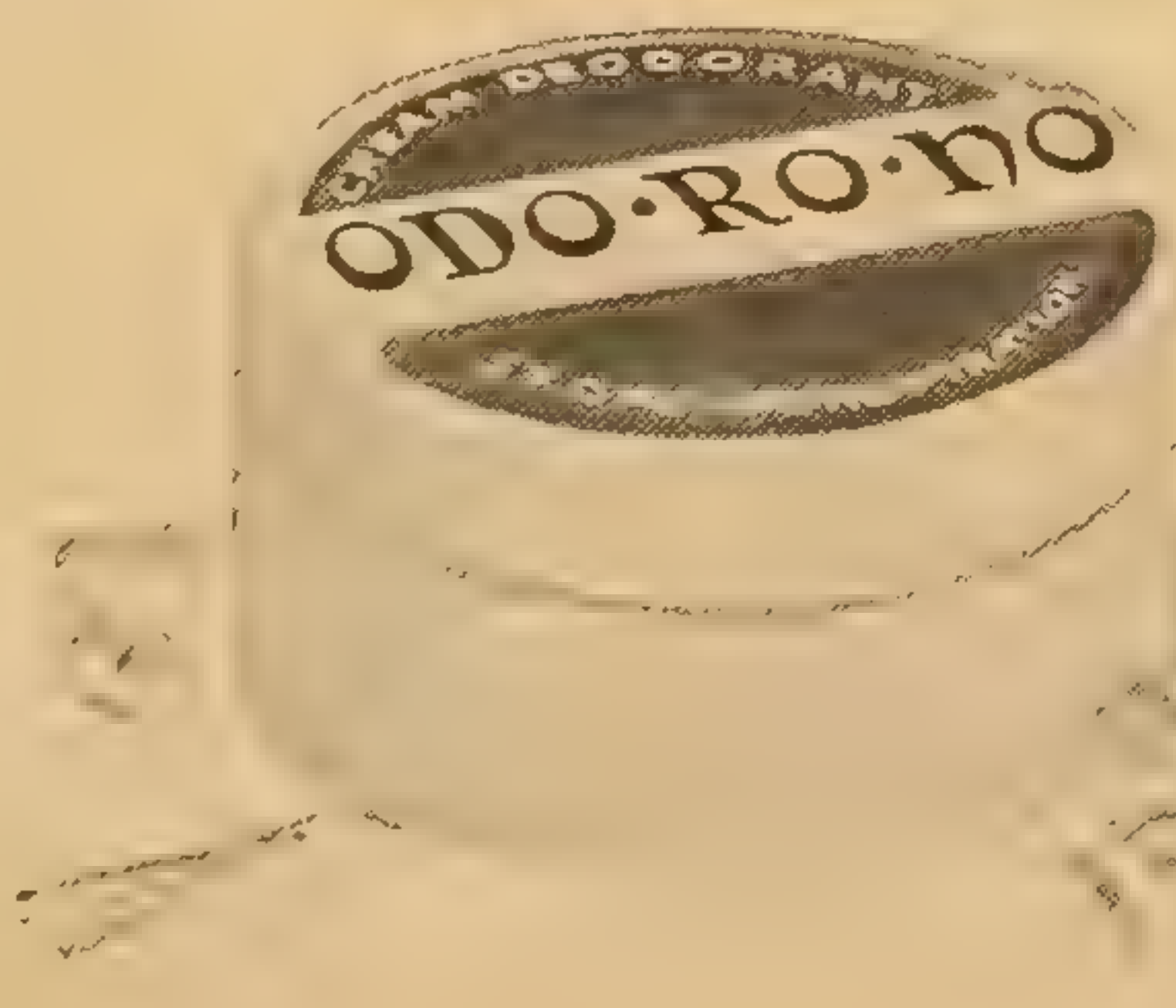
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Blessed Virgin, how can you who have never felt pain dare to say that you have seen her? If I could only find evidence that you have suffered—if you could give me proof, maybe then these monsters of doubt and hate would stop consuming my very soul. For the love of God, Sister, give me proof."

"I wish I could help you," Bernadette said gently. "But I have never suffered. I have never—" Suddenly she stopped and she smiled hopefully. "Perhaps I can help you. It may be that there is proof for you." She lifted her habit and the older woman stood there aghast, unable to speak, as she stared down at the huge tumor covering the young nun's knee.

The Mother Superior tried to speak but no words came. Suddenly she collapsed at Bernadette's feet sobbing. And as the sad young eyes stared down at her compassionately she was able to believe at last.

There came the day when Mother Vauzous herself suggested that Bernadette make the trip to Lourdes and bathe in the spring that had helped so many. But the nun shook her head.

"The lady said, 'I cannot promise you happiness in this world, only in the next,' " she said. "The spring is not for me."

It was when she knew she was dying that she sent the card to the Dean and he came to her.

"Your Reverence, I did not lie to you," she said faintly.

"God knows you did not, dear Sister," Peyramale smiled. "You saw her, my little one, and you will see her again."

"Oh, no!" she said quietly. "It is not at all certain that the lady will let me be her

maid. All I could achieve was being sick and maybe I have not suffered enough."

"You've suffered enough, my child, for the heaven of heavens." His eyes were full of compassion. "If anything is certain, dear one, it is that."

Suddenly Bernadette felt as she had back there in Lourdes, when the lady had summoned her. Her eyes turned to the door and there standing on the threshold was the lady, smiling and beckoning, as she had that day she had told her to come to the spring. She was so beautiful, the lady, even more beautiful than Bernadette had remembered her.

Then the lady was gone, but Bernadette still stared toward the doorway. Only now it was as if death was giving her new vision so she could see farther, farther than she ever had before, all those miles back to Lourdes and the mill beside the river. It was as if the years had crumbled into nothingness, as if she had gone back to that day she had been scarcely more than a child and the young miller had helped her across the bridge.

She smiled once and then her head fell back against the pillows. For a moment Peyramale stood looking down on her still face, on her eyes that even now in death had not lost that sudden rapture.

"You are now in Heaven and on earth," he said gently. "Your life begins, O Bernadette."

Even as he spoke the bells of the convent began pealing as they were one day to peal in that great church which was to rise above the grotto in Massabielle and as they were to ring many years later in three hundred churches in Rome.

"Ex's" Can Be Friends

Continued from page 31

had been spotted dining out and, apparently, were having a wonderful time.

"In fact, you couldn't tell it from before," the joyous columnist gurgled.

You could certainly "tell it from before" a week or so later, as you are about to see for yourself.

The place was Ciro's in Hollywood, the time—Saturday night, the occasion a benefit show for the bombardier squadron named the "We Dood Its" in honor of Red Skelton, and the guests of honor, naturally, Red and Edna Skelton.

Edna arrived first, punctual as usual. She was chatting with members of her party when Red appeared on the scene, conveying an attractive blonde. He did it almost instinctively: he walked over to where Edna was sitting and performed the introductions.

"Edna, this is Muriel Morris. Muriel, this is Edna Skelton."

He did it with the air of a man who thought a lot of a certain blonde lady and wanted his judgment confirmed. If such was the case, he was not disappointed. The two ladies chatted only a minute or so. It was enough for Edna Skelton who leaned over and remarked, smiling sweetly, to someone in the party: "She seems like an awfully nice person, doesn't she?"

Come April and Red received word that his next picture would be "Whistling in Brooklyn," a picture involving the daffy Dodgers of that celebrated hamlet. More importantly, it was going to be filmed in Brooklyn, at Ebbets Field, no less.

The first person Red told about it was Edna.

"We ought to have a wonderful time in New York," Red said. "I've been looking forward to it for years."

"Me, too," Edna said.

The trip to New York was a three-day

riot, as all members of the Skelton retinue, including the delighted Pullman porters, will tell you. They practical-joked back and forth, did impromptu skits, and gagged all over the place. They put in twenty hours playing gin rummy: (Red still owes her the six dollars.) They whooped and they hollered. When they reached New York, they let out a wild yippee. They were here, La Guardia!

It was a pretty full month in New York. When the circus came to town, Red, an alumnus of a minor-league circus or two, took Edna. He behaved like Junior, scandalized a dowager or two but panicked the spectators in the immediate vicinity.

He took her to a couple of ball games, introduced her to the flea circus on West 42nd Street, escorted her (again) through Chinatown. For Easter he sent her the hugest pink bunny this side of Alice's Wonderland. (She still hasn't decided what to do with it.)

In a way it was like a five-week Mardi Gras and in another way it wasn't. The New York junket wasn't all play. Far from it. There was work to be done, lots of it, in connection with Red's Tuesday night radio show (which boasts a Hooper of 34, meaning an estimated 34 million listeners) transferred to New York, at great expense, for the duration of the shooting on "Whistling in Brooklyn."

Red's radio program is a department supervised by Edna Skelton. It is Edna who whips up the outline of the show, stuffs it with gags (ably abetted by writers Dick McKnight, Jack Douglas, and Benny Friedman), and acts as board of good taste in the event that the boys are undecided as to whether a bit of horseplay is a little rough around the edges or not.

Sunday afternoons in New York—as in

Hollywood—Red and Edna would talk over the next show. By morning Edna would be ready with the outline. Monday night, Red, Edna, and the boys would put the show together, polishing up gags, making substitutions, adding and subtracting. Come Tuesday noon and the script would be ready. Tuesday afternoon would find Red busy getting on speaking terms with the script, sharpening the timing, and killing gags which had lost their humor. Tuesday at dinner time Red and Edna would confer. Dinner over and the show was ready, subject, of course, to Red's countless improvisations before the mike.

An incident that occurred after Red had signed off at the conclusion of his first broadcast in New York stamps Red for the right guy he is. It is Red's habit, as guests at his broadcasts know, to put on a wilder, more abandoned, and, possibly, more hilarious show during the half hour that follows his regular show—off the air, of course. For twenty minutes he had regaled the packed studio with his shenanigans. Then, smiling from ear to ear, he faced the studio audience and inquired: "How would you like to meet Edna Skelton?"

The audience roared a loud yes.

"Come on out, Edna," Red yelled.

She came out, neat and petite, and wearing an engaging smile that won over the audience instantly.

Then and there they began a routine which brought down the house, Edna playing straight man, catching dialogue, rigging up laughs for Red, sparring verbally, and, in the end, carrying Red off the stage on her back to the delight of all hands.

It is high time for you to be wondering, gentle reader, how it happened that two such nice people came to the parting of the ways in the first place and, having done so, how it happened that they continue to gravitate in the same orbit. A reporter for a New York newspaper, calling on the Skeltons, put the questions right up to them and got some interesting comments.

They maintain personal relations, the reporter concluded, because each is the best investment of the other.

"As long as we stick together, we're sure of eating regularly," Red said, quick like rain.

"He's a pretty good guy," Edna said. "Fond of him? I never said I wasn't."

It was Edna who provided a clue to the cause for divorce.

"Maybe we had to spend too much time together of late," Edna said. "We'd start the day at six in the morning and work like beavers until dinner. From 7 to 11 at night Red would do camp shows. And after midnight sometimes, we'd talk shop until three A.M., whipping up gags and routines."

"We're both quick-tempered, but quick to forget. It's different now. If we argue, I can leave and go home or he can say so-long and shut the door."

Where will it all end up? It's hard to say. Right now Red and Muriel Morris are quite an item. He calls her "little doll." She calls him nothing more original than "Red." A native Californian, Miss Morris is learning the rudiments of interior decorating, for which subject she has a decided flair. Since Red can't dance (or at least sticks to the story), they never go dancing. Since Red is not amused by night clubs, they give the bistros a wide berth. Mostly they go to the movies which both of them enjoy no end.

If there are orange blossoms and Mendelssohn music in the air, you can't prove it by Red who parries all questions having to do with romance with a question of his own, to wit: "And what, Sir, do *YOU* think of the Pythagorean formula?"

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DANA ANDREWS IN
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Roddy McDowall's American Diary

Continued from page 45

a small station. We got on the train there. We were afraid we wouldn't make it because Mr. Harris wouldn't drive over 35 miles an hour. When we got on the train, we found that 20 other people had also missed the train.

Monday, March 22: Up at eleven. Had breakfast and then Nellie (Mrs. Nelson) worked with me on my lessons. I learned some poems. When I got to Dallas I was met by a lot of WAACS. They drove me to their camp in a jeep. I was sure excited. Then Mummy and I went to our hotel. I was interviewed and had pictures taken. At dinner at the Mural Room, I was asked to go on the floor with a Dr. Giovanni, a very clever man who picks your pocket without you knowing it, a sleight-of-hand artist, I guess you call him. He took my watch and wallet and I couldn't figure out how he did it. (He gave them back all right.)

Tuesday, March 23: Up at seven. Went to Greiner School in Oakcliff and addressed 750 pupils. I didn't have a prepared speech but I thought of enough to say to talk for half an hour. I talked about the war, what the children did in England, what the students here could do, and then about my experiences with Monty Woolley. I told them that Monty was not a gruff old bear really, but that he was a sweet man. Monty will probably bawl me out for the campaign I gave him. Went to a department store later and autographed "Flicka" books. Went to the Red Cross booth and I made a speech appealing for Red Cross funds. Had lunch and then went to the State Fair. I saw the Cotton Bowl! How I wish there were a football game here today! My biggest thrill was seeing all of the statutes of the Laws of Texas in the History Building in the Hall of State on the Fair Grounds. Also saw the six flags that have flown over Texas in its history. I've read about Texas but I never realized how dramatic its story is. How little I've known about America! I also saw a copy of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

Back to another school where I talked to 800 children. I hope I didn't bore the students. They were so polite. When I got to the hotel, 20 children were waiting to interview me. One of the little girls asked me, "Don't you wish you were a normal boy?" I told her I thought I was. She said then, "But I mean—don't you wish you could play with other boys your age and not have to be kept by yourself?" I told her that I had perfect freedom and lived a very normal life.

I went to another hotel and told a group of WAACS what the women in England were doing for the war and what American women could do. I was really making a recruiting speech and it was such a thrill. Saw Linda Darnell's home today too after I had finished a broadcast.

At night I made an appearance at the Palace Theater—and I spoke again to the audience. Mummy and I then went to the hotel and packed. I hate to leave Dallas.

Wednesday, March 24: Up at 6:30. Left at 7:40 for Kansas City. School on the train. Met in Kansas City by more WAACS—and the Marines. (Wonder how Vee and her Marine are getting along? They fight one minute and make up the next but my sister is like that. Wonder how Gordon stands her. She's really swell, though.)

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Mail us \$1.00 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this lovely solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring your size and month. You can sell the 4 salve and get back your \$1.00 and have ring without cost. Rosebud is an old reliable salve.
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Thursday, March 25: Talked to the students of the Paseo High School. The way I talk! I get started and can't stop! And I have never had a prepared talk yet. Got in a police car and the policeman let me blow the siren. I've always wanted to do this. He also made me an honorary policeman and gave me a badge—number 240—and everything. Then I went to the Kansas City Canteen and entertained the service men. I even led them in the Paul Jones, a dance I learned when I was in Washington at the President's Birthday Ball.

Friday, March 26: Left Kansas City for St. Louis. Slept and did more school. At the St. Louis Union Station, Mummy and I were met by four Boy Scouts and one Scout leader of Troop 90, the largest in America. They made me the first honorary Boy Scout in the country. It was a very great honor. The Scouts were our bodyguards all day. Interviewed at the hotel and had lunch. Then to the McKinley High School and talked to the students.

I had quite an experience. I went to the Mayor's office and met the Mayor of St. Louis. He was very charming. While we were talking, he sat me down at his desk and said, "Now, Roddy, you're going to be the Mayor of St. Louis." Good thing the people of St. Louis didn't know I was their Mayor for a while. I'm not very good at politics. But it was lots of fun! Did a broadcast later on KMOX and then to the Fox Theater that night for a personal appearance.

Saturday, March 27: Autographed more books and appeared at the Fox Theater again. Then I went to church. Made a broadcast over KSD to recruit sailors. I'm sure covering the ground with this recruiting. Then to the Art Museum in the afternoon. I was late getting there and the Museum was closed but the manager opened it for me so I could see all the wonderful pictures. I saw some Gainsboroughs, Millets, Corots, Titians, and Van Goghs. The manager gave me some post-cards of the paintings for my diary. Also saw Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington. I think the story behind this painting is so interesting. When Stuart asked Washington to pose, Washington had just had his teeth removed and false ones put in on a spring system. When he posed, he had to hold his mouth very tight and also had cotton wool in his cheeks. This hurt the President so much that Stuart had to make a rough sketch and then he finished the portrait later without Washington.

Back to the hotel and had another interview with the school children.

Sunday, March 28: Up at 7:30. Crossed the Mississippi River. What a wonderful sight! America is wonderful. Arrived at Indianapolis at one o'clock. Soldiers, sailors, and a marine met us. Visited the James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Crippled Children and saw them having the Nurse Sister Kenny treatment. The children were so happy and gay. They have a lot of courage. I talked with each of them for a long time. Then I did a broadcast in which I told how I liked collecting books. That afternoon, an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Loveless, called me at the hotel and said they had heard the broadcast. They said they had no children and no one close to them and that they felt they were so close to me. They asked if they could come over and bring me some books. They came that evening and brought me four very old and valuable books that they owned.

Dressed up that night as an air-raid warden and the outfit was right because Indianapolis had their first blackout that night. Even though it was quiet and peaceful, I remember a lot of blackouts in London when it wasn't quiet and peaceful.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH



Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

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A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to

bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odorono for real "clothes-insurance."

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It's the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too... it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

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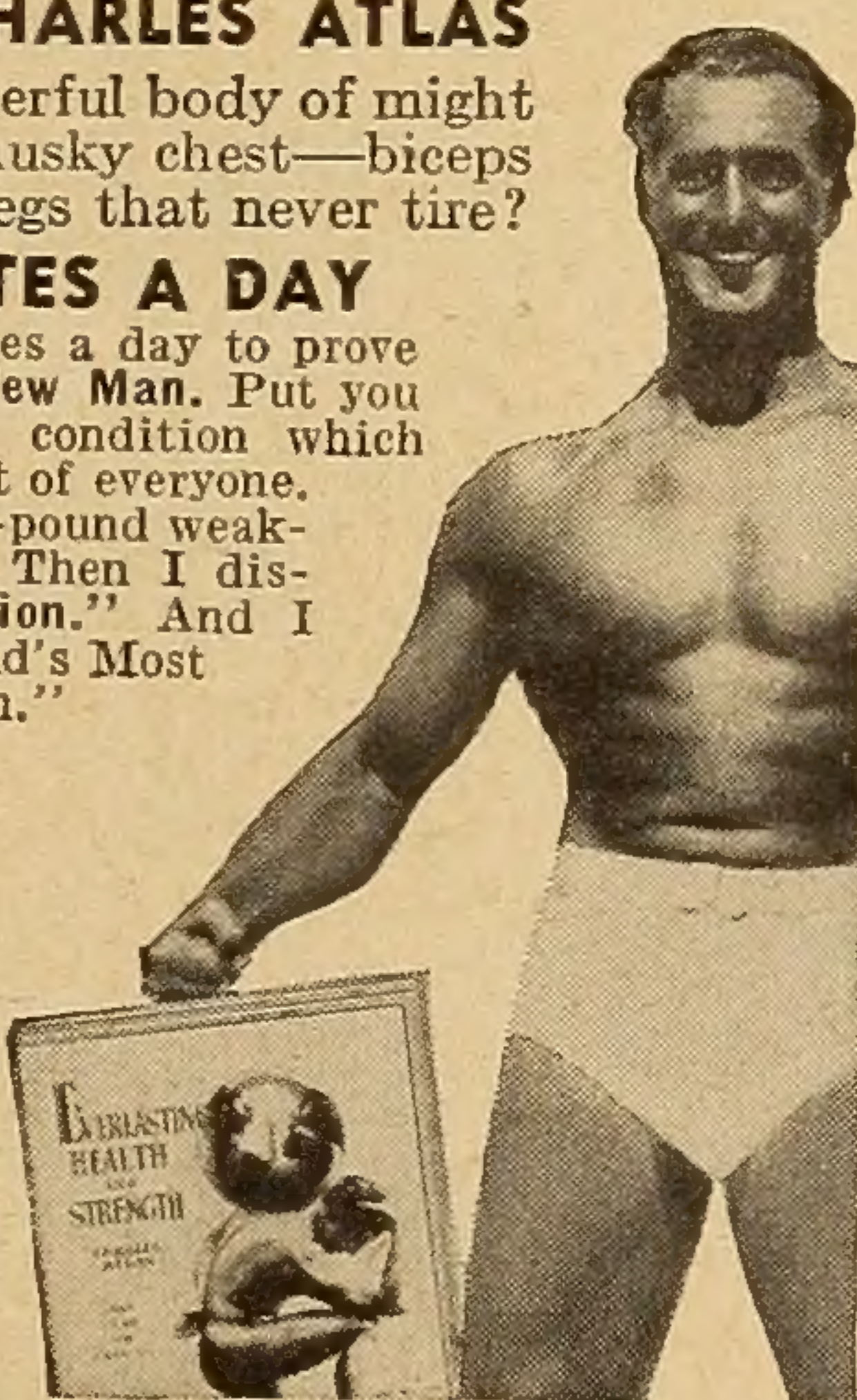
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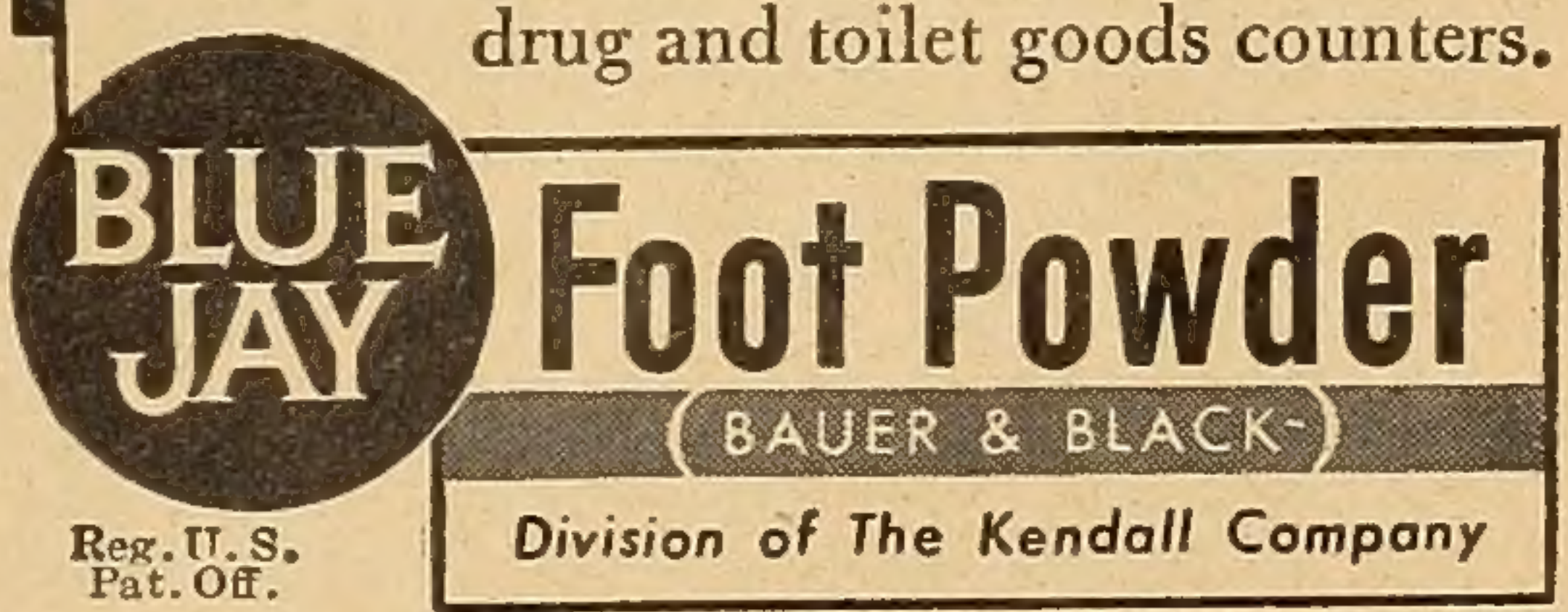
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Drinking water is scarce in North Africa. And what there is, is likely to be bad.

So before our soldiers landed there, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water except in safe, prepared drinks.

The favorite prepared drink is lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33 ounce pack.

Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, but *all we can in War Bonds*.

Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best*! Remember, you get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW*!

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NOW DO YOUR BEST!

WAR BONDS

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